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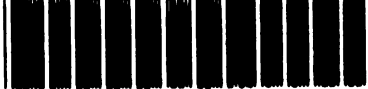
ONE SHILLING



THE NEW STANDARD Song Book

LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE, AND SONS.



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THE NEW

STANDARD SONG BOOK.

EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER.



"Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, 'How can you e'er propose,
You who know hardly verse from prose,
To make a song ?"

But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye may be wrong."

BURNS.

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PREFACE.

By the issue of "The New Standard Song Book," the Editor meets his readers with the *eighth* volume of the Series popularly known as "Routledge's Song Books." A separate title has been adopted for each volume, for trade purposes, but no song has been repeated ; so that while each collection is complete in itself, the entire work is essentially so, inasmuch as it presents the most extensive collection of Lyrics hitherto included in one Series, and which, when complete, it is hoped will be found equally as acceptable to the student as it is acknowledged to have been hitherto to the vocalist.

The Editor has not, while professing to give "the best songs in our language, and none beside the best," encumbered this work with lengthy odes and minor

poems never intended to be sung, but has included only such as have been set to music or adapted to familiar melodies—the songs, in fact, of the people. Time alone will tell how many or how few of the more modern songs in the volume will be found worthy of the “standard” ones with which they are incorporated.

J. E. CARPENTER.

NOTTING-HILL,
June, 1866.

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THE NEW STANDARD SONG BOOK.

I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE.

Mrs. HEMANS.]

[*Music by Mrs. OWEN.*

I DREAM of all things free !
Of a gallant, gallant bark,
That sweeps through storm and sea
Like an arrow to its mark !
Of a stag that o'er the hills
Goes bounding in his glee ;
Of a thousand flashing rills—
Of all things glad and free.

I dream of some proud bird,
A bright-eyed mountain king !
In my visions I have heard
The rushing of his wing.
I follow some wild river,
On whose breast no sail may be ;
Dark woods around it shiver—
I dream of all things free !

Of a happy forest child,
With the fawns and flowers at play ;
Of an Indian midst the wild,
With the stars to guide his way :
Of a chief his warriors leading,
Of an archer's green wood tree ;—
My heart in chains is bleeding ;—
And I dream of all things free !

B

WHO GAVE THEE THAT JOLLY RED NOSE?

GLEE.

[RAVENSCROFT.]

Of all the brave birds that e'er I did see,
The owl is the fairest in every degree;
For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when the night comes, away flies she:
Te whit, te whoo,
To whom drink'st thou?
Sir Noodle, to you!
This song is well sung I make you a vow,
And he is a knave that drinketh not now.
Nose, nose;
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?
Cinnamon and ginger,
Nutmegs and cloves,
And they gave me my jolly red nose.

THE MEETING.

[CHARLES DUDMAN.]

THE busy crew the sails unbending,
The ship in harbour safe arriv'd.
Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,
Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging no one durst attack it,
Tight fore and aft, above, below,
Long-quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,
And trousers like the driv'n snow.

And thus his heart with pleasure stowing,
He flew like lightning o'er the side;
And scarce had been the boat's length rowing
When lovely Kitty he espied.

A flowing pennant gaily flutter'd;
 From her hat all made of straw,
 Red, like her cheeks, when first she utter'd—
 "Sure, 'twas my sailor that I saw!"

And now the thronging crew surround her,
 And now, secure from all alarms,
 Swift as a ball from a nine-pounder
 They dart into each other's arms.

THE DANCE UPON THE LAWN.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by L. EMANUEL.

I SING the days, the merry days,
 To English hearts most dear,
 When good old English customs ruled
 And reigned throughout the year ;
 When merry lads and lasses met
 When daily toil was o'er,
 And grey-hair'd fathers watch'd their mirth
 Beside the cottage door,
 Oh, there was joy in Britain's isle,
 And peace from night till morn,
 When our sturdy peasants' pastime was
 The dance upon the lawn.

Oh, those were days, were happy days,
 For England's peasant band,
 When pipe and tabor's merry sound
 Was heard throughout the land ;
 When May-pole, deck'd with ribbons gay,
 Stood forth in village green,
 And harmless mirth and jollity
 Beneath its boughs were seen.
 To join the happy cotter's throng,
 No lad nor lass would scorn,
 And trip a measure gaily in
 The dance upon the lawn.

B 2

But though the days, those merry days,
 Long since have passed away,
 There still is plenty in the land,
 Then wherefore not be gay ?
 If summer's glorious sunshine will
 The fruits and flowers restore,
 I'd know not he who would not be
 As happy as of yore.
 Then care away—we'll still be gay,
 For brighter days will dawn,
 And once again we'll sport it in
 The dance upon the lawn.

THE SONG OF LOVE AND DEATH.

ALFRED TENNYSON.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.]

SWEET is true love tho' giv'n in vain,
 And sweet is death who puts an end to pain :
 I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.
 Love, art thou sweet ; then bitter death must be.
 Love thou art bitter ; sweet is death to me.
 O love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,
 Sweet death, that seems to make us lifeless clay,
 I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.
 I fain would follow love, if that could be,
 I needs must follow death, who calls for me,
 Call and I follow, I follow, let me die.

I WANDER BY MY DEAR ONE'S DOOR EACH NIGHT.

B. S. MONTGOMERY.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.]

I WANDER by my dear one's door each night
 When stars are beaming,
 And marvel if, when hush'd in slumber light,
 Of me she's dreaming.

When blushes mantle o'er that rosy cheek,
And trembling hover,
Doth dreaming mien'ry to her young heart speak
Of me, her lover ?

My bird of love lies hush'd within her nest,
Sad hours I number ;
Ah, if this fond heart were her place of rest
How calm my slumber ;
But what avails this sighing of my heart,
This ceaseless yearning,
When not one glance those witching eyes impart,
My love returning.

NEAR WOODSTOCK TOWN.

[Old English ditty.]

NEAR Woodstock town, in Oxfordshire,
As I walk'd forth to take the air,
To view the fields and meadows round,
Methought I heard a mournful sound.
Down by a crystal river side,
A gallant bower I espied,
Where a fair lady made great moan,
With many a bitter sigh and groan.

"Alas !" quoth she, "my love's unkind,
My sighs and tears he will not mind ;
But he is cruel unto me,
Which causes all my misery.
Soon after he had gain'd my heart,
He cruelly did from me part ;
Another maid he does pursue,
And to his vows he bids adieu."

The lady round the meadow run,
And gather'd flowers as they sprung,
Of ev'ry sort she there did pull,
Until she got her apron full.

The green ground serv'd her as a bed,
 And flow'rs a pillow for her head ;
 She laid her down, and nothing spoke,—
 Alas ! for love her heart was broke.

THE NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

DUET.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by S. GLOVER.]

HARK ! hark ! the bells, the merry bells
 That hail again the glad new year !
 Upon the breeze their music swells,
 Resounding tuneful, loud and clear ;
 That gladsome sound it sheds around
 A cheerful voice, that seems to say,
 " From every heart let care depart,
 It is the merry New Year's day."
 Hark ! hark ! how sweet the music
 swells—

The merry, merry New Year's bells !

1st Voice.

Those joyous bells they bring to mind
 Those early days, those other times,
 When first we heard upon the wind
 Those happy, joyous New Year's
 chimes.

2nd Voice.

They teach us still, tho' years fly past,
 Our friendship keeps still warm and
 true ;
 We hear them as we heard them last,
 And find our hearts as changeless too.
 Hark ! hark ! &c.

Both Voices.

Oh ! happy bells ! sweet New Year's bells,
 Still may long distant be the time
 For us no more their music swells,
 For us the joyous New Year's chime ;

Long may they sound to shed around
Their gladsome voice, that seems to say,
"From every heart let care depart,
It is the merry New Year's-day!"
Hark! hark! &c.

DAYBREAK.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.]

[Music by M. W. BALFE.]

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists! make room for me:"
It hail'd the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
"Ye mariners, the night is gone!"
And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day!"
It said unto the forest, "Shout!
"Hang all your leafy banners out!"
It touch'd the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"
And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
"Your clarion blow, the day is near!"
It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"
It shouted through the belfry tow'r,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour!"
It cross'd the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet—in quiet lie!"

FILL HIGH TO HIM THAT'S FAR AWAY.

[T. MOORE.]

No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial-hearted;
Dear, dear, shall be the day we met,
And dear shall be the night we parted.

Oh, if regret, however sweet,
 Must with the lapse of time decay,
 Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
 Fill high to him that's far away.

Long be the flame of memory found
 Alive within your social glass :
 Let that be still the magic round
 O'er which oblivion dares not pass !

THE DREAM OF ST. AGNES' EVE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by E. L. HIME.

A MAIDEN bright lov'd a gay young knight,
 Whose form was fair, tho' his heart was light ;
 He'd laugh, he'd dance, and he'd sweetly sing,
 But he never spoke of the wedding ring ;
 So the maid resolved that the spell she'd weave,
 And dream the dream of St. Agnes' Eve.

St. Agnes she, for a saint, was bold,
 In a roundabout way she fortunes told ;
 For dreams she'd give, as the legend tells,
 And those who rightly could weave her spells,
 If their loves were true would a kiss receive
 While they dreamt the dream of St. Agnes' Eve !

The maiden went to a grassy spot,
 The words she said, and she knit the knot,—
 Then laid her down as the legend told
 (She brought her cloak for the night was cold),
 But never did maid a kiss receive
 So loud before on St. Agnes' Eve !

The maiden woke in a perfect fright !
 When lo ! at her feet knelt the gay young knight ;
 He'd watched her leave at the close of day,
 And followed her steps o'er the fields away,
 The ring he'd bought, and you'll well believe
 They married soon after St. Agnes' Eve !

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"The brown thorn,"

ST. SENANUS.*

"OH! haste and leave this sacred isle,
 Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
 For on thy deck, though dark it be,
 A female form I see;
 And I have sworn this sainted sod
 Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

THE LADY.

"Oh! father, send not hence my bark,
 Through wintry winds and billows dark;
 I come with humble heart to share
 Thy morn and evening prayer;
 Nor mine the feet, oh! holy saint,
 The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;
 The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd;
 But legends hint, that had the maid
 Till morning's light delay'd,
 And given the saint one rosy smile,
 She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scatterry, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint (St. Cannara), whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:

Cui præsul, quid feminis
 Commune est cum monachis,
 Neque ullam aliam
 Admittendus in insulam.

See the Acta Sanct. Hib., page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon, but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny this metamorphose indignantly.

THE WREATH.

R. S. SHARPE.]

[Music by J. MAZZINGHI.]

YE shepherds, tell me have you seen
My Flora pass this way,
In shape and feature beauty's queen,
In pastoral array?

A wreath around her head she wore,
Carnation, lily, rose,
And in her hand a crook she bore,
And sweets her breath compose.

The beauteous wreath that decks her head
Forms her description true ;
Hands lily white, lips crimson red,
And cheeks of rosy hue.

O YE VOICES.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[Music by MRS. OWEN.]

O YE voices round my own hearth singing !
As the winds of May to memory sweet,
Might I yet return, a worn heart bringing,
Would those vernal tones the wanderer greet,
Once again ?

Never, never ! Spring hath smiled and parted
Oft since then your fond farewell was said ;
O'er the green turf of the gentle-hearted
Summer's hand the rose-leaves may have shed,
Oft again !

Or if still around my heart ye linger,
Yes, sweet voices ! there must change have come,
Years have quelled the free soul of the singer,
Vernal tones shall greet the wanderer home,
Ne'er again.

MY LOVED HOME I SHALL NE’ER SEE MORE.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

My loved home I shall ne’er see more—
My kinsmen I no more shall greet !
Defenceless on a distant shore,
From ruthless foes my death I meet.
Though ev’ry transient hope hath fled,
Yet this true heart will ne’er repine ;
No cause have I my fate to dread,
Since honour’s star doth o’er me shine.

Bereft of her whom I adored,
No charms would life now have for me,
The world could nought but woe afford,
All love is o’er, joy’s ceased to be.
Then why should I my fate bewail,
Or at my joyless doom repine ;
No grief shall this true heart assail,
While honour’s star doth o’er me shine.

THE NEVA BOATMAN’S SONG.

[*New version. Russian tune.*]

HASTE, my boys, haste, my boys,
Ply the oar and row away,
The wind’s noise, the wind’s noise,
Tells there’ll be a storm to-day.
Push along the gallant bark,
See the sky has become dark,
Listen to the thunder’s roar,
Mountain waves now lash the shore.

CHORUS.

Come, my boys—come, my boys,
Ply the oar and row away,
Winds are toys—winds are toys,
With which Neva boatmen play.

Not a boat—not a boat
 Upon Neva's troubled stream
 Is afloat—is afloat,
 Ours is like a spectral dream.
 Every vessel fast is moored,
 And all hands are safe aboard,
 The storm rages far and wide,
 We through it must boldly ride.
 Come, my boys, &c.

MADRIGAL.

[MORLEY, 1595.]

My bonny lass she smileth,
 When she my heart beguileth.
 Fa, la, la.
 Smile less, dear love, therefore,
 And you shall love me more.
 Fa, la, la.
 When she her sweet eye turneth,
 O, how my heart it burneth.
 Fa, la, la.
 Dear love, call in their light,
 Or else you burn me quite.
 Fa, la, la.

THE OLD PINK THORN.

CLARIBEL.]

[Music by CLARIBEL.]

SINCE the days of happy childhood
 I've loved its graceful shade,
 I welcomed every blossom,
 And mourn'd to see them fade ;
 How often have I stood beneath
 Its boughs at early morn,
 And listen'd to the merry bees,
 About the old pink thorn.

And later, when we lov'd to dance
Upon the village green,
I mind me how the merry maidens
Chose me for their queen.
A rosy wreath they wove for me,
How gaily was it worn !
I lov'd the garland made for me,
From out the old pink thorn.

Then tell me not 'tis old and frail,
I could not spare it now,
I prize each tender leaf and flower,
I know each knotted bough ;
For happy memories of the past
Its every leaf adorn.
Take all the fairest trees away,
But spare the old pink thorn.

OH, WOULD I WERE A BIRD.

C. BLAMPHIN.]

[Music by C. BLAMPHIN.]

Oh, would I were a bird,
That I might fly to thee,
And breathe a loving word,
To one so dear to me.
How happy would I be,
Carolling all the day—
If only blest with thee,
Beguiling time away.
Then life would be a pleasure,
My mind would be at rest,
If with my only treasure,
This heart was ever blest.

CHORUS.

Oh, would I were a bird,
That I might fly to thee,
And breathe a loving word,
To one so dear to me.

Oh, would that I could fly
This bright and glorious day,
To give a sigh for sigh,
To thee so far away.
My heart would beat with joy,
To see thee once again,
Thy sorrows to allay,
For cherish'd is thy name.
And when the moon is beaming
O'er distant grove and tree,
And joyous stars are gleaming,
Then would I were with thee.

CHORUS.

Oh, would I were a bird,
That I might fly to thee,
And breathe a loving word,
To one so dear to me.

I ONLY ASK A HOME WITH THEE.

L. WILLIAMS.]

[*Music by* LANGTON WILLIAMS.]

I ONLY ask a home with thee,
Though humble it may prove ;
No matter where the dwelling be,
If hallow'd 'tis by love.
For that will shed its magic light
Around the chosen spot,
And e'en a palace fair and bright
Will make the lowly cot.

And if a passing shade of care
One moment dim our way ;
Just as a cloud will oft appear,
E'en on the brightest day ;
Believe me then, the purest gold
Will only worthless prove,
Compared to gentle words, when told
By those we dearly love.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

[Music by J. L. HATTON.]

IN days of old, the monks, we're told,
Would have it understood,
That every night, by dim lamp-light,
They studied in solitude ;
Each one to his book, in his own cell nook,
However the night was cold,
They'd no desire for fuel or fire,
But ever their beads they told.

But, alack ! and alas ! for these holy men !
The world it was scandalous even then,
For many there were who said
That as soon as they heard the midnight bell
They closed the book and left the cell,
And to supper they all rushed in pell-mell,
And a regular night they made.

They'd "haunch" and "ham," and "cheek" and
"chine,"
They'd "cream" and "custard," "peach" and
"pine,"
And they gargled their throats with right good wine,
Till the Abbot his nose grew red !
No "de profundis" then they sang,
But a roystering catch to the rafters rang !
And the bell for matins it went "ting tang,"
Ere the last of them rolled to bed.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

From the German.]

[Music by BERTHOVEN.]

OH, how great the power of music
O'er the tumults of the soul !
Art divine from heaven descended,
Lawless passion's sweet control !

At its voice the storms of anger
 Soft and smoothly die away ;
 Soon the waves of jealous frenzy
 Calm as summer waters play.

O'er the dull and barren spirit,
 Where no native fancy dwells,
 Oft it spreads a sweet delusion,
 Stagnant thought to passion swells ;
 But where bold imagination
 Kindles with creative fire,
 Oh, what high and rapt'rous feelings
 Music's varied charms inspire !

THE INVOCATION.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[*Music by Mrs. OWEN.*

OH ! art thou still on earth, my love ?
 My only love !
 Or smiling in a brighter home
 Far, far above ?

Oh ! is thy sweet voice fled, my love ?
 Thy light step gone ?
 And art thou not, in earth or heaven,
 Still, still my own ?

I see thee with thy gleaming hair,
 In midnight dreams !
 But cold, and clear, and spirit-like,
 Thy soft eye seems.

Peace in thy saddest hour, my love !
 Dwelt on thy brow ;
 But something mournfully divine
 There shineth now !

And silent ever is thy lip,
 And pale thy cheek ;—
 Oh ! art thou earth's, or art thou heaven's ?
 Speak to me, speak !

I NEVER LOVED BUT THEE.**J. E. CARPENTER.]****[Music by SIGNOR POZHANSKI.]**

DEAREST, I never loved but thee,
The image of thy gentle face,
Though lost for aye, each charm to me
Nor time nor sorrow can efface ;
Unkind, ungenerous as thou art,
Though thou may'st teach me to reprove,
Though youth decay, and hopes depart,
Thou canst not teach me not to love.

I've listened to another's voice,
I've bow'd before another shrine,
They only made my heart rejoice,
The nearer they resembled thine :
I've striven my passion to conceal,
To think my heart again was free,
But oh ! I only know and feel,
Dearest, I never loved but thee.

I AM IN TRUTH A COUNTRY YOUTH.**HENRY CARRY.]****[Music by HENRY CARRY.]**

I AM in truth
A country youth
Unused to London fashions ;
Yet virtue guides,
And still presides,
O'er all my steps and passions,
No courtly leer,
But all sincere,
No bride shall ever blind me ;
If you can like
A Yorkshire tike,
An honest man you'll find me.

Tho' envy's tongue,
 With slander hung,
 Dost oft belie our county,
 No men on earth
 Boast greater worth
 O'er more extend their bounty.
 A noble mind
 Is ne'er confined
 To any shire or nation ;
 He gains most praise
 Who best displays
 A generous education.

Our northern breeze
 With us agrees,
 And does for business fit us ;
 In public cares,
 In love's affairs
 With honour we acquit us.
 While rancour rolls
 In narrow souls,
 By narrow views discerning,
 The truly wise
 Will only prize
 Good manners, sense, and learning

FAIR GERTRUDE T. HET

D.

W. F. VANDERVELL, 7

FAIR G

And

Ye

ERVELL.

ay,

day ;

one,

a-day

And left her lonely and forlorn,
Well-a-day;
And there beneath the moon's pale ray,
She sat and watched till break of day,
The path that threads the flowery dell,
For him she loved so well;
And thus she watched, and thus she sighed,
Well-a-day,
Whilst silvery echoes they replied,
Well-a-day.

But Rudolph ne'er returned again,
Well-a-day,
For he was in the battle slain,
Well-a-day ;
And 'midst the dying and the dead,
Well-a-day,
His noble spirit upward fled,
Well-a-day.
The red sun set, the moonbeams played,
But no one to that lattice strayed,
For she had gone to join her love
In realms of peace above ;
And through the air the night-bird sighed,
Well-a-day,
Whilst silvery echoes they replied,
Fair Gertrude, well-a-day.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE ABBOT.

G. SOANE, B.A.]

[Music by J. L. HATTON.]

ROBIN HOOD is forth at break of day,
When he meets a priest in proud array ;
" Ho ! ho ! father mine, you're ill I see,
But I for the nonce your leech will be ;"
The monk lik'd it not ; the monk said " No,"
But Robin he swore it should be so.

And now he must rise at break of morn,
And walk till noon spite of gout or corn ;
Must fast on dry bread a month or more—
He ne'er had fasted so before !

And still at each meal he'd fain say " No,"
But Robin he swore it should be so.

The month it had gone, the gout gone too :
" Ho ! ho !" Robin cried, " sir priest, you'll do !
But now it is fit you pay your fee,
So your gems and gold remain with me !"
The monk lik'd it not ; the monk said " No,"
But Robin he swore it should be so.

LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS.

[T. MOORE.]

Love wakes and weeps,
While beauty sleeps !
O for music's softest numbers !
To prompt a theme
For beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers.

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fireflies on the air are wheeling ;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live !
No dream can give
A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling ;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that love is telling.

THE LYRE AND FLOWER.

MRS. HERMAN.

[Music by HERMANN.]

A LYRE its plaintive music poured
Forth on the wild wind's track ;
The stormy wanderer jarr'd the chord,
But gave no music back.
Oh ! child of song !
Bear hence to heaven thy fire,
What hopest thou from the reckless throng,
Be not like that lost lyre !
Not like that lyre !

A flower its leaves and odours cast
On a swift-rolling wave ;
Th' unheeding torrent darkly pass'd,
And back no treasure gave.
Oh ! heart of love !
Waste not thy precious dower !
Turn to thine only home above,
Be not like that lost flower !
Not like that flower !

JACK RATLIN.

[CHARLES DIEDIN.]

JACK RATLIN was the ablest seaman,
None like him could hand, reef, or steer,
No dang'rous toil but he'd encounter,
With skill, and in contempt of fear.
In fight a lion,—the battle ended,
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove ;
Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
Yet he did sigh, and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
For none of these had Jack regard ;
He, while his messmates were carousing,
High sitting on the pendant yard,

Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
 Swear never from such charms to rove ;
 That truly he'd adore them living,
 And, dying, sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded
 Once more to view their native land,
 Amongst the rest, brought Jack some tidings ;
 Would it had been his love's fair hand !
 Oh ! Fate ! her death defac'd the letter—
 Instant his pulse forgot to move !
 With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
 He heav'd a sigh !—and died for love.

ON, BOYS, ON !

J. E. NOLAN.]

[Music by R. GREENE.]

THE motto of Britons is "On, boys, on !"
 For old time, as we know, cannot wait ;
 And he who employs the full power of his will,
 By that will may command his own fate.
 Then on, boys, on !
 Never heed if you've failed in the past ;
 Whatever your aim, if you work with a will,
 You'll be sure to attain it at last !

The true British soldier by his colours will stand—
 The sailor nail them to the mast ;
 Such men are the boast and the pride of our land,
 And will be so while England shall last !
 Then on, boys, on ! &c.

Not only the soldier and sailor, but all,
 Must engage for a time in the strife ;
 And if we but use all the means we possess
 We must win in this battle of life !
 Then on, boys, on ! &c.

ROSE OF HAZELDEEN.

J. W. CHERRY.]

[Music by J. W. CHERRY.]

ALONG the lonely mountain side
At morn I chanced to stray,
When summer shone in blooming pride,
And all the world looked gay.
I met a maid with tartan plaid,
As fair as e'er was seen ;
I ask'd her name, she blushing said—
"I'm Rose of Hazeldeen."
Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen,
Dear thou'lt ever be to me,
Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen.

Her breath, like flowering thorns, was sweet,
As starlight was her eye ;
With every grace and charm replete,
She like the fawn swept by.
The birds sing sweeter to mine ear,
The flowers are fairer seen ;
All Nature smiles when she is near—
Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen.
Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen, &c.

I LOVE YOU.

G. P. MORRIS.]

[Music by M. W. BALFE.]

I LOVE the night, when the moon streams bright
On flowers that drink the dew,
When cascades shout as the stars peep out
From boundless fields of blue.
But dearer far than moon or star,
Or flowers of gaudy hue—
Or gurgling rills of mountain rills,
I love, I love, love you !

I love to stray at the close of day,
 Through groves of forest trees,
 When gushing notes from song-birds' throats,
 Are vocal in the breeze.
 I love the night, the glorious night,
 When hearts beat warm and true,
 But far above the night, I love,
 I love, I love, love you !

DRINK TO HER.

THOMAS MOORE.]

[Air—"Heigh ho ! my Jackey."

DRINK to her who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.
 Oh ! woman's heart was made
 For minstrel's hands alone ;
 By other fingers play'd
 It yields not half the tone.
 Then here's to her who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass,
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They ask'd her, "Which might pass ?"
 She answered, "He who could."
 With golden key, Wealth thought
 To pass—but 'twould not do ;
 While Wit a diamond brought
 Which cut his bright way through !
 Then here's to her who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy !

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But, oh ! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere ;
Its native home's above,
Though woman keeps it here !
Then drink to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy !

THE WANDERING GIPSY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by H. BRINLEY RICHARDS.

OH ! ask me not with thee to dwell,
Within the city's crowded space,
My braided hair and sunburnt brow
Were all unfit for such a place.
I am not fair, like those who meet
To mix in faslāon's giddy whirl ;
There I should sigh for fresh green fields,
And you'd forget your gipsy girl,
Forget the wandering gipsy !

I covet not your splendid halls,
Where glittering gems with gems outvie ;
Give me my home where freedom dwells,
My tent beneath the open sky ;
Some other soon will share thy heart,
With fairer brow and waving curl,
My race may mate not with thine own,
Then leave the wandering gipsy girl—
Forget the wandering gipsy !

But if upon some future day
Perchance within the town I'm seen,
Thou shalt not see me sad as now,
I'll bring my merry tambourine.

Then give to me a passing thought,
 As in the giddy dance I twirl,
 And deem not all your city's wealth
 Could tempt the wandering gipsy girl !
 Could tempt the wandering gipsy !

SWIFTER THAN THE SWALLOW'S FLIGHT.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music by EMILE BEGER.*

SWIFTER than the swallow's flight
 Homeward through the twilight free,
 Fleeter than the morning light
 Flashing o'er the pathless sea,
 Dearest, in the lonely night,
 Mem'ry wings her way to thee.

Stronger far than is desire,
 Firm as truth itself can be,
 Deeper than earth's central fire,
 Boundless as eternity,
 Mute as sorrow's unstrung lyre,
 Is my love, dear one, for thee.

Sweeter than the miser's gain,
 Or the note of fame can be,
 Unto one who long in vain
 Has trod the path of chivalry ;
 Are my dreams in which, again,
 My fond arms encircle thee.

FIVE MONTHS AGO THE STREAM DID FLOW.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.]

[*Music by M. W. BALFE.*

FIVE months ago the stream did flow,
 The lilies bloomed within the sedge,
 And we were lingering to and fro,
 Where none will track thee in the snow—
 Along the stream beside the hedge.

Ah, sweet ! be free to love and go,
For if I do not hear thy foot,
The frozen river is as mute :
The flow'rs have dried down to the root,
And why, since these be changed since May
Shouldst thou change less than they ?

And slow, slow as the winter snow,
The tears have drifted to mine eyes ;
And my poor cheeks five months ago,
Set blushing at thy praises so—
Put paleness on—for a disguise.

Ah, sweet ! be free to praise and go,
For if my face is turned to pale,
It was thine oath that first did fail ;
It was thy love prov'd false and frail.
And why, since these be changed now,
Should I change less than thou ?

THE BIRD OF SONG.

W. A. PASSMORE.]

[*Music by J. L. HATTON.*

SEE yon lark in ether floating,
Wafting forth his native lays ;
Each melodious bar denoting
'Tis an earnest song of praise !
View him upward, onward drifting,
T'wards the realms where angels throng,
Music's very soul seems lifting,
With that joyous bird of song !

Hark ! the envoy seems revealing
Nature's grateful mission now ;
Or what else those sweet notes stealing
On the ear entranced below !
Like a seraph's voice it soundeth,
Borne on zephyr's wings along ;
Stol'n from realms where joy aboundeth,
By yon culprit thing of song !

Now the truant's homeward flinging,
Laden with love's notes he flies ;
As it were a cherub bringing
Some sweet message from the skies !
Happy warbler, thus to revel,
Up so near the heavenly throng !
Happier still, no more to travel
Back, like yonder bird of song !

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

PART SONG.

From the German.]

[Music by H. SMART.]

THE Rhine is gently flowing,
The night is calm and still,
And purple grapes are glowing
On ev'ry vine-clad hill ;
And yonder in the moonlight,
That stately form behold !
With sword and mantle
Of purple and of gold !
'Tis Karl, the brave, the fearless,
Once ruler of this land,
Who sway'd, with wisdom peerless,
The sceptre of command.

And now, as legends tell us,
At night he leaves his tomb,
To bless the purple clusters,
And breathe their rich perfume ;
But ere the dawn of morning,
The figure glides away,
And sinks again to slumber
In his marble tomb at Aix.
In mem'ry of our hero,
In honour of our vine,
Let's drink to Karl the Kaiser,
A cup of Rhenish wine.

BRIGHTLY HAST TH U FLED.

MRS. HERMANS.]

Music by her Sister.

BRIGHTLY, brightly hast thou fled,
 Ere one grief had bow'd thy head,
 Brightly didst thou part !
 With thy young thoughts pure from spot,
 With thy fond love wasted not,
 With thy bounding heart.

Ne'er by sorrow to be wet,
 Calmly smiles thy pale cheek yet,
 Ere with dust o'erspread :
 Lilies ne'er by tempest blown,
 White rose which no stain hath known,
 Be about thee shed !

So we give thee to the earth,
 And the primrose shall have birth
 O'er thy gentle head ;
 Thou, that like a dewdrop borne
 On a sudden breeze of morn,
 Brightly thou hast fled !

THE OLD FARM GATE.

E. COGLE.]

[Music by W. VINNICOMBE.]

THERE'S an old farm-house at the foot of the hill,
 That was built in the days of yore,
 With its quaint red barn, and rickety mill,
 And a vine-covered porch by the door ;
 There's a crumbling wall, where the ivy doth cling,
 And an oak that looks noble and great,
 As though he were proud of the children who swing,
 'Neath his boughs on the old farm gate,
 For there merry hearts are with joy elate,
 As they ride to and fro on the old farm gate.

As the worthy old farmer sits under the tree,
Or round by the pigeon-house strays ;
He watches the boys in the height of their glee,
And thinks of his earlier days ;
In the evening, when all is quiet and still,
As the clock in the village strikes eight,
There is some one hastening down the hill,
On his way to the old farm gate ;
It is William coming to meet his Kate,
Just under the oak by the old farm gate.

I have roamed through the vales of a summer land,
Where nature smiles beauteous and fair ;
I have heard the wild lay of the mountain band,
Softly floating along on the air ;
But my soul has fled backwards on memory's wing,
To the home of its happier state ;
Where the wild birds sing, and the children swing,
On the top of the old farm gate.
I sigh not for riches, or pompous state ;
My heart clings to home by the old farm gate.

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

CLARIBEL.]

[Music by CLARIBEL.]

WHEN the breath of English meadows
Is fragrant on the breeze,
And the flowers in my own garden
Are musical with bees :
In the calm and pleasant evenings
Will ye think of her who died,
Where the summer hath no twilight,
Where the salt sea hath no tide ?

Then when your lips shall name me,
Without grief or gloom,
My spirit like a sunbeam,
Shall glide into the room.

In the glimmer of the moonlight,
Round your closely curtained beds,
It may be mine to hover,
With white wings o'er your heads.

I may listen to your laughter,
I may watch o'er you in pain ;
Will ye think of me, my darlings,
When ye see me not again ?
In the sweet home where I nursed you,
Will ye think of her who died,
Where the summer hath no twilight,
Where the salt sea hath no tide ?

THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER.

PART SONG.

From the German of L. Uhland.] [Music by H. SKART.

THERE came three trav'lers over the Rhine,
They stopped at an inn, and they call'd for some wine.
MINE Hostess, you bring us right excellent wine,
But prythee now where's that fair daughter of thine ?

MY masters, I bring you good wine, cool and clear,
But alas ! my young daughter lies dead, on her bier.
THEY enter the chamber with slow solemn tread,
And lo ! on her bier the fair maiden lay dead.

THE first, he stepp'd forward and lifted the veil,
And wept as he gaz'd on that form cold and pale,
Ah ! couldst thou, sweet maid, from Death's clutch be
set free,
I'd swear from this moment to love only thee.

THE second he sigh'd as he hung o'er the bier,
Oh ! maiden, I've loved thee for many a year.
THEN whisper'd the third as he kiss'd her pale brow,
"I'll love thee for ever, as I love thee now."

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

[J. W. COLLINS.]

IN a cottage I live, and the cot of content,
Where a few little rooms, for ambition too low,
Are furnished as plain as a patriarch's tent,
With all for convenience but nothing for show ;
Like Robinson Crusoe's, both peaceful and pleasant,
By industry stored, like the hive of a bee ;
And the peer, who looks down with contempt on a
peasant,
Can ne'er be looked up to with envy by me.

And when, from the brow of a neighbouring hill,
On the mansions of pride I with pity look down,
While the murmuring stream, and the clack of the
mill,
I prefer to the murmurs and clack of the town ;
As blithe as in youth, when I danced on the green,
I disdain to repine at my locks growing grey ;
Thus the autumn of life, like the spring-tide serene,
Makes approaching December as cheerful as May.

I lie down with the lamb, and I rise with the lark,
So I keep both disease and the doctor at bay,
And I feel on my pillow no thorns in the dark
Which reflection might raise from the deeds of the
day ;
For, with neither myself nor my neighbour at strife,
Though the sand in my glass may not have long to
run,
I'm determined to live all the days of my life,
With content in a cottage, and envy to none !

Yet, let me not selfishly boast of my lot,
Nor to self let the comforts of life be confined,
For how sordid the pleasures must be of that sort
Who to share them with others no pleasure can
find.

For my friend I've a board, I've a bottle, and bed ;
 Ay, and ten times more welcome that friend if he's
 poor ;
 And for all that are poor, if I could but find bread,
 Not a pauper without it should budge from my
 door.

Thus, while a mad world is involved in mad broils
 For a few leagues of land, or an arm of the sea,
 And Ambition climbs high, and pale Penury toils
 For what but appears a mere phantom to me ;
 Through life let me steer with an even, clean hand,
 And a heart uncorrupted by grandeur or gold ;
 And, at last, quit my berth when this life's at a stand,
 For a berth which can neither be bought nor be
 sold.

THE ASSIGNATION.

W. LANCASTER.]

[Music by W. KIRBY.]

JUST at twilight's dusky close,
 When stars arise to greet thee,
 Where the blackthorn wildly grows,
 There, love, there I'll meet thee.
 Thou knowst the spot : 'tis shaded quite
 Beyond the rude intruder's sight,
 In that lone grove, at birth of night,
 There, love, there I'll meet thee,
 Just at twilight's dusky close, &c.

What I'll think, and what I'll say,
 And how of time I'll cheat thee,
 And when's to be the blissful day,
 I'll tell thee when I meet thee.
 We'll live a lifetime in that hour,
 By love's all-hallow'd potent power ;
 And love shall consecrate the bow'r
 Where, love, where I'll meet thee.
 Just at twilight's dusky close, &c.

I'll woo the night-bird and the rill
 With music, love, to treat thee ;
 And thine enraptur'd heart shall thrill
 Responsive, when I meet thee.
 Thus, while love-notes weave a spell,
 I'll tell thee all I have to tell,
 In that lone grove,—till then, farewell,
 There, love, there I'll meet thee.
 Just at twilight's dusky close, &c.

THE WIND AND THE WEATHER- COCK.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music by S. LOVER.*

THE summer Wind lightly was playing
 Round the battlement high of the tow'r,
 Where a Vane, like a lady, was staying,
 A lady vain perch'd in her bow'r.
 To peep round the corner the sly Wind would try :
 But vanes, you know, never look in the wind's eye ;
 And so she kept turning shily away :—
 Thus they kept playing all through the day.

The summer Wind said, " She's coquetting ;"
 But each belle has her points to be found :
 Before evening, I'll venture on betting,
 She will not then go but come round !
 So he tried from the east and he tried from the west,
 And the north and the south, to try which was best ;—
 But still she kept turning shily away :—
 Thus they kept playing all through the day.

At evening, her hard heart to soften,
 He said, " You're a flirt, I am sure ;
 But if vainly you're changing so often,
 No lover you'll ever secure."
 " Sweet, sir," said the Vane, " it is you who begin,
 When you change so often, in me 'tis no sin ;
 If you cease to flutter, and steadily sigh,
 And only be constant—I'm sure so will I."

A FAMOUS MAN WAS ROBIN HOOD.

W. WORDSWORTH.]

[Music by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

A FAMOUS man was Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy :
But Scotland has a chief as good,
She has, she has her bold Rob Roy.

A dauntless heart Macgregor shows,
And wondrous length and strength of arm ;
He long had quell'd his highland foes,
And kept, and kept his friends from harm.

This daring mood protects him still,
For this the robber's simple plan,
That they should take who have the will,
And they, and they should keep who can.

And while Rob Roy is free to rove,
In summer's heat and winter's snow,
The eagle he is lord above,
And Rob, and Rob is lord below.
A famous man, &c.

WHEN EVENING'S TWILIGHT.

FOUR PART SONG.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Music by J. L. HATTON.]

WHEN evening's twilight gathers round,
When ev'ry flower is hush'd to rest,
When autumn's leaves breathe not a sound,
And ev'ry bird flies to its nest ;
When dewdrops kiss the blushing rose,
When stars are glitt'ring from above,
When Nature's self seeks sweet repose,
Then I think of thee, my love,
I think of thee, my love,
Then, O ! then, I think of thee.

HARK TO MY LUTE.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music by LOVER.*]

HARK to my lute sweetly ringing !
 List, love, to me ;
 Dearest, thy lover is singing—
 Singing to thee ;—
 Yet, to the balcony stealing,
 No mantled beauty I see,
 No casement is dimly revealing
 Thy fair form to me.

Perchance thou art sleeping—my strain, love,
 Meets not thine ear,
 And visions, in shadowy train, love,
 Haply appear.
 Wake thee! and hearken to me, love,
 If fancy should whisper of ill ;
 But if thy dream be of me, love,
 Oh ! slumber still.

Their bright watch in heaven, now keeping,
 Beams ev'ry star ;
 But the sweet eye that is sleeping
 Brighter is far :—
 For when the pale dawn advances
 Tremulous star fires decay,
 While e'en at noon-tide thy glance is
 Bright as the day.

PETER WHITE.

CATCH.

[*Music by DR. CHARLES BURNBY.*]

PETER White, who never goes right,
 Would you know the reason why ?
 He follows his nose wherever he goes,
 And that stands all awry.

THE TRIPLE SPELL.

E. D. MURPHY.]

[Music by J. BLEWITT.]

SHE smiles, and from her beauteous face
Irradiating beam'd a smile,
So purely bright, so heav'nly fair,
One might have deem'd an angel there ;
She smiled, and it is strange to tell,
Her smile did make me love her well.

She spoke, and like the melody
Of zephyr notes on stream and tree,
Her accent fell, and falling brought
The sybil love of noblest thought ;
And if her smile my heart could fetter,
Her mind did make me love her better.

She wept, and those fond eyes of blue
Seem'd violets bath'd in morning dew,
Awaiting but one loving ray
To sip their brimming tears away ;
She wept, and let it be confess'd
Her tears did make me love her best.

THE CASTLED CRAG OF DRACHEN-
FELS.

[LORD BYRON.]

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine ;
And hills, all rich with blossom'd trees ;
And fields, which promise corn and wine ;
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far wide walls along them shine ;
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy, wert thou with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands, which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;
Above, the frequent feudal towers,
Through green leaves lift their walls of grey ;
And many a rock, which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers ;
But one thing wants these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine.

I send thee lilies given to me ;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be ;
But yet reject them not as such,
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou beholdest them drooping nigh,
And knowest them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine.

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round ;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound,
Through life to dwell delighted here ;
Nor could on earth a spot be found,
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine.

LOVE SOUNDS THE ALARM.

Love sounds the alarm and fear is a flying,
When beauty's the prize what mortal fears dying ?
In defence of my treasure I'll bleed at each vein,
Without her no pleasure, for life is a pain.

THE OLD KIRK-YARD.

[T. H. BAYLY.]

OH, come, come with me to the old kirk-yard,
I well know the path thro' the soft green sward ;
Friends slumber there we were wont to regard,
We'll trace out their names in the old kirk-yard.
Oh, mourn not for them, their grief is o'er,
Oh, weep not for them, they weep no more,
For deep is their sleep, tho' cold and hard
Their pillow may be in the old kirk-yard.

I know it is vain when friends depart,
To breathe kind words to a broken heart ;
I know that the joy of life seems marr'd,
When we follow them home to the old kirk-yard.
But were I at rest beneath yon tree,
Why shouldst thou weep, dear love, for me ?
I'm wayworn and sad, ah ! why then retard
The rest that I seek in the old kirk-yard ?

O PEACEFUL LAKE.

THOMAS BLAKE.]

[*Music by* BIANCHI TAYLOR.]

O PEACEFUL lake ! upon thy silent shore,
Where waves nor dash, nor angry billows roar,
Calm would I dwell, secure from mortal strife,
And wile away the ev'ning hour of life.

And there, while gazing on thy waters clear,
I'd treasure up the scenes to mem'ry dear ;
Scenes which the sportive pen of fancy drew,
'Mid pleasures that in youth's bright time I knew.

Oh ! thus contented with my peaceful home,
No longer through the distant world I'd roam,
But, with a happy heart and grateful breast,
By thy still waters would for ever rest.

WHEN TIME WAS ENTWINING.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—Italian.

WHEN time was entwining the garland of years,
Which to crown my beloved was given ;
Though some of the leaves might be sullied with tears,
Yet the flow'rs were all gather'd in heaven.

And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,
May its verdure for ever be new ;
Young love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
And pity shall nurse it with dew.

OH! THE PLUM-PUDDING OF ENGLAND.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by J. L. HATTON.

WE'VE long sung the praise of old English roast beef,
The mighty Sir Loin—and the Baron, his chief,
But beef without pudding, with turkey no chine—
That is not the way that we Englishmen dine.
Then here's the plum-pudding of England,
Old English plum-pudding for me !

Plum-pudding's a mixture of all that is good,
No Frenchman to make it e'er yet understood ;
To plain roast and boiled he is too vain to stoop,
Roast-beef he makes brick-bats, and plum-pudding
soup,
That's not the plum-pudding of England !
The sort of plum-pudding for me !

The commerce of England extends o'er the world,
Where'er the winds whistle our sails are unfurled ;
Then home come our ships with plums, sugar, and
spice,
With currants and citrons, and all that is nice
To make the plum-pudding of England !
Old English plum-pudding for me !

The corn-growing fields of old England ne'er fail,
Our flour it is sweet, and our eggs never stale ;
Our suet is fresh—but, the taste to enhance,
We don't mind a dash of the brandy of France
To make the plum-pudding of England !
Old English plum-pudding for me !

The man who plum-pudding refuses to eat
I'd hold you a wager at heart is a cheat,
While he who well loves it deserves a good wife,
For he feels himself young, and a boy all his life,
While he eats the plum-pudding of England !
Old English plum-pudding for me !

May solid plum-pudding, then, year after year,
At Christmas ne'er fail us, to make us good cheer ;
Well boiled—plump and round—deck'd with holly—I
wish
Merry Christmas to all—and for ever a dish
Of the jolly plum-pudding of England !
Old English plum-pudding for me !

OH! YOU THAT HAVE THE CHARGE OF LOVE.

[T. MOORE.]

OH, you that have the charge of love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the fields of bliss above,
He sits with flow'rets fettered round ;
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings.
For e'en an hour, a minute's flight,
Will rob the plumes of half their light,
Like that celestial bird whose nest
Is found beneath far eastern skies,
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies.

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

ALFRED BURN.]

[Music by M. W. BALFE.]

WHEN other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The pow'r they feel so well,
There may perhaps in such a scene,
Some recollection be,
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light
Which beams within your eyes,
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
'Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask,
That you'll remember me.

**DOWN BY THE AVON'S FLOWING
STREAM.**

DUET.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.]

DOWN by the Avon's flowing stream,
There came a Bard, in his youth, to dream ;
Loved by the gentle fairies long ;
They weaved around him the spell of song.

With visions bright
They charmed his sight,
In legends old
Their loves they told.

'Twas thus he dreamed his youth away,
And wove his magic spell,
And now in Shakspeare's tuneful lay
The gentle fairies dwell ;
And still they rove, when fades the beam,
Down by the Avon's flowing stream.

"I know a bank," said the Fairy Queen,
"Where oft he sleeps on the daisied green ;"
"I know a bank," sung the Bard of old,
When to our wonder his dream he told.

Since that sweet time,
In his sweet rhyme,
In fairies bright
We take delight,

And still we wile the hours away
'Neath Shakspeare's magic spell,
And with him love the paths to stray
Where gentle fairies dwell ;
For still they rove, when fades the beam,
Down by the Avon's flowing stream.

SWEET EVENING STAR.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL.]

[*Music by W. V. WALLACE.*

SWEET evening star ! whose dewy blessings fall,
Grateful and fresh upon the heart of all ;
Sweet evening star ! whose softened splendours rise,
To make calm twilight when the daylight dies ;
Sweet evening star ! my joy shall ever be,
Through woodland glades to watch and weep with
thee.

Dear light of home ! dearer than evening star
In thine own orbit lovelier by far ;
Dear light of home ! from loving hearts and eyes
Beaming love's daylight when day's twilight dies.
Dear light of home ! what purer joy can be
Than day and night to love and live in thee ?

Giver of all !—both evening star and home—
And mercies countless,—thro' Thy blessing come.
Giver of all ! make star and home to guide
Thy wandering people nearer to Thy side.
Giver of all ! let this their blessing be
That all Thy gifts uplift their hearts to Thee.

I MOURN THEE, BUT I LOVE NO MORE.

D. RYAN.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

I LOVED thee once, with heart as true
As ever fond affection knew,
Each joy, each care, but seem'd to twine
In closer bonds thy soul and mine.
But fortune's smiles have found thee changed,
Thy friendship cold, thy love estranged.
'Tis done, the dream of years is o'er,
I mourn thee, but I love no more.

Seek not to meet me, 'twere but vain
To give to each a fruitless pain,
The feeble smile, the careless eye,
Would but the wounded heart belie.
Farewell, though sorrow thou might feel,
Oh ! from thy heart all, all conceal ;
No sight can now the past restore,
I mourn thee, but I love no more.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by LOVER.]

WHEN Venus first rose from the wave,
Where of sea-foam they gracefully made her,
Three cheers for the goddess they gave
As she launch'd, in her shell, the fair trader ;
But she,—an insurgent by birth,
Unfetter'd by legal or grave trade,
And defying our laws on the earth,
So boldly embark'd in the slave trade.

O'er the world, from that hour of her birth,
She carried her slave trade victorious ;
And then, to her daughters of earth
Entrusted the privilege glorious :

"Unfetter'd," she cried, "never leave
One slave to object to your brave trade,
While you stand to your colours, believe
You may always insist on your slave trade!"

"Oh! 'tis glorious a heart to subdue,
By the conquering light of your glances :
By the smile that endangers a few,
And the sigh that whole dozens entrances.
Unbind not a link of the chain,
Stand by me each merry and grave maid ;
Let senators thunder in vain—
The ladies will still have their slave trade!"

DREAM, BABY, DREAM.

V. GABRIEL.]

[*Music* by V. GABRIEL.]

DREAM, baby dream, the stars are glowing ;
Hear'st thou the stream ? 'tis softly flowing.
All gently glide the hours ;
Above no tempest lowers :
Below are fragrant flowers,
In silence growing.

Sleep, baby, sleep, till dawn to-morrow !
Why shouldst thou weep, who know'st not sorrow ?
Too soon come pains and fears,
Too soon a cause for tears,
So from thy future years
No sadness borrow.

Dream, baby, dream, thy eyelids quiver ;
Know'st thou the theme of yonder river ?
It saith, "Be calm, be sure,
Unfailing, gentle, pure,
So shall thy life endure,
Like mine, for ever."

JOAN TO THE MAYPOLE.

[Popular in the reign of Charles the First.]

JOAN to the Maypole away, let us on,
 The time is swift and will be gone ;
 There go the lasses away to the green,
 Where their beauties may be seen ;
 Bess, Moll, Kate, Doll,
 All the gay lasses have lads to attend them,
 Hodge, Dick, Tom, Nick,
 Jolly brave dancers, and who can mend them ?
 Joan to the Maypole, &c.

Do you not see how the lord of the May
 Walks along in rich array ?
 There goes the lass that is only his,
 See how they meet and how they kiss.
 Come Will, run Gill,
 Or dost thou list to lose thy labour ;
 Kit Crowd scrape loud,
 Tickle up Tom with the pipe and the tabor.
 Joan to the Maypole, &c.

Now, if we hold out as we do begin,
 Joan and I the prize shall win ;
 Nay, if we live till another day,
 I'll make thee lady of the May.
 Dance round, skip, bound,
 Turn and kiss, and then for a greeting.
 Now, Joan, we've done,
 Fare thee well till the next merry meeting.
 Joan to the Maypole, &c.

LIGHT AS THISTLE-DOWN.

MRS. BROOKE.]

{Music by SHIELD.

LIGHT as thistle-down moving, which floats on the air,
 Sweet gratitude's debt to this cottage I bear,
 Of autumn's rich store, I bring home my part,
 The weight on my head, but light joy in my heart.

OH! DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

[ANONYMOUS.]

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Dear! dear! what can the matter be?

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd buy me a fairing should please me,
And then for a kiss, oh! he vowed he would tease me;
He promised he'd bring a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Dear! dear! what can the matter be?

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
A little straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown hair.

THE BLACKSMITH'S SON.

L. WILLIAMS.]

[Music by L. WILLIAMS.]

A STALWART lad is the blacksmith's son,

With broad bare chest and strong,

His laugh is loud, his voice is deep,

And jovial, too, his song:

There's vigour in his well-knit frame,

Might in his brawny arm,

But small his share of winning ways,

A maiden's heart to charm.

Yet, like a child, sweet Cicely

Is his heart's chosen one;

The village pride is lov'd and woo'd

By Mark, the blacksmith's son.

The baron's heir is young and gay,
The proudest in the land,
Of noble birth—a princely home—
And wealth at his command ;
On horse or foot, his pathway lies
Towards her quiet home,
But Cicely smileth not, nor sighs
Whether he go or come ;
Bright beams his eye, soft tales he tells,
And honied is his tone ;
He seeks to win away her heart
From Mark, the blacksmith's son.

The baron's heir, with gold and gems,
Is skill'd in arts to woo ;
The blacksmith's son can only boast
A stout heart, fond and true.
So Cicely her choice has made,
She deems his proffer small
Who could but share with her his wealth,
While Mark gives heart and all.
The lot she takes—the lowly one—
Until her life is spun,
To be the humble, loving wife
Of Mark, the blacksmith's son.

O THOU BREEZE OF SPRING.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[Music by JOHN LODGE.]

O THOU breeze of spring !
Gladdening sea and shore,
Wake the woods to sing,
Wake my heart no more !
Streams have felt the sighing
Of thy scented wing,
Let each fount replying
Hail thee, breeze of spring,
Once more.

O'er long buried flowers
Passing not in vain,
Odours in soft showers
Thou hast brought again.
Let the primrose greet thee,
Let the violet pour
Incense forth to meet thee,
Wake my heart no more !
No more.

From a funeral urn
Bowered in leafy gloom,
Even thy soft return
Calls not song or bloom.
Leave my spirit sleeping
Like that silent king ;
Stir the founts of weeping
There, O breeze of spring,
No more !

THE DUSTY MILLER.

[ANONYMOUS. 1782.]

HEY, the dusty miller,
And his dusty coat ;
He will win a shilling
Ere he spend a groat.
Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the colour ;
Dusty was the kiss
That I gat frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
And his dusty sack ;
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck,—
Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller :
I wad gi'e my coatie
For the dusty miller.

CHILD OF THE SUN.

E. FITZBALL.]

[Music by BALFE.]

CHILD of the sun, unhappy slave,
Thy spirit must not dare
To gaze on charms that Nature gave
So wonderfully fair !
With soul that is denied the free,
To feel, to weep, to sigh,
The only privilege can be
To worship, and to die !

Dark is thy hue, as that of night,
And yet with softened ray
There beams from heav'n itself a light
To waken night to day :
Thus, if the light so lov'd by thee,
Were only gleaming nigh,
How blest the privilege would be,
To worship, and to die !

SONG OF THE BELL.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.]

[Music by J. L. HATTON.]

BELL ! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie !
Bell, thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie !

Bell ! thou soundest merrily :
Tellest thou at evening
Bed-time draweth nigh !
Bell ! thou soundest mournfully :
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by !

Say ! how canst thou mourn ?

How canst thou rejoice ?

Thou art but metal dull !

And yet all our sorrowings,

And all our rejoicings,

Thou dost feel them all !

God hath wonders many,

Which we cannot fathom,

Placed within thy form !

When the heart is sinking,

Thou alone canst raise it,

Trembling in the storm !

THE BIRTHPLACE, THE HOME, AND THE GRAVE OF THE BARD.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music by J. E. PERRING.*

ALL hail to the shrine, for the spot must be holy

That cradled in infancy genius and worth ;

Oh ! what though the roof may be humble and lowly,

It shelter'd the gem that shone proudest on earth.

'Tis not mid the gay halls of riches and splendour

The home of true genius alone can be found,

But in dwellings like those, where our homage we
render,

With heaven above them, and nature around.

Chorus.

Then hail to the shrine, be it hallowed, for never

Shall we, who sweet Shakespeare have learnt to re-
gard,

Forget the dear scene where the Avon runs ever—

The birthplace—the home—and the grave of the
bard.

That nation can ne'er be debased or degraded,

Whose people still cherish, with feelings of pride,

The spots that the halo of Genius pervaded—

The home where it dwelt, the place where it died.

Then perish the slave who with rude hands would sever
The relics of him who made language divine ;
May they stand like his fame, which endureth for ever,
That millions unborn may still visit the shrine.

Chorus.

Then hail to the shrine, &c.

LET MY CARE BE NO MAN'S SORROW.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.*

LET my care be no man's sorrow,
We have all enough of grief;
Wherefore should I strive to borrow
Tears from those whose joy is brief ?
Rather let me see around me
Smiles as bright as summer's day,
And the sorrow that has bound me
Sooner than will pass away.

As the stream in winter freezes,
So our spirits cease to glow ;
Spring returns with southern breezes,
Then again the torrents flow ;
So our hearts revive and lighten,
When some new-found pleasure beams,
Then the dullest eye will brighten,
As the sun sets free the streams.

HOW SWEET THE HOUR.

ROUND.

[*Music by DR. HAYES.*]

How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene.

SISTER! SINCE I MET THEE LAST.**MRS. HEMANS.]****[Music by HERMANN.]**

SISTER ! since I met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath past,
In the softness of thine eyes,
Deep and still a shadow lies ;
From thy voice there thrills a tone,
Never to thy childhood known ;
Through thy soul a storm hath moved,
Gentle sister, thou hast loved.

Yes ! thy varying cheek hath caught
Hues too bright from troubled thought ;
Far along the wandering stream,
Thou art followed by a dream :
In the woods and valleys lone
Music haunts thee, not thine own ;
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain,
Sister, thou hast loved in vain.

Tell me not the tale, my flower !
On my bosom pour that shower !
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted ;
Tell me not of young hopes blasted ;
Wring not forth one burning word,
Let thy heart no more be stirr'd !
Home alone can give thee rest,
Weep, sweet sister, on my breast.

OH, SWEET SIMPLICITY.**ROUND.**

O SWEET simplicity flow in my veins,
Till their reflection unite in my heart ;
Then may I warble thy natural strains
Greatly beyond all effusions of art.
Rivals in fashion their folly declare ;
For 'tis thy modest robe which adds charms
to the fair.

LOVE SMILES BUT TO DECEIVE.

DESMOND RYAN.]

[Music by M. W. BALFE.

'Tis gone, the past was all a dream,
The light of life is o'er,
The hope that once so bright did seem,
Now shines for me no more.
Oh! foolish heart without a thought,
In joy that did'st believe,
Nor knew what many a tale has taught,
Love smiles but to deceive.

No more I'll join the dance and song,
Nor mingle with the gay,
And happy as the day is long
Beguile the hours away.
I'll seek me out some silent spot,
In solitude to grieve,
And learn what many a tale has taught,
Love smiles but to deceive.

THE STORMY PETREL.

PARK BENJAMIN.]

[Music by DWIGHT.

THIS is the bird that sweeps o'er the sea—
Fearless, and rapid, and strong is he ;
He never forsakes the billowy roar,
To dwell in calm on the tranquil shore,
Save when his mate from the tempest's shocks
Protects her young in the splinter'd rocks.

Birds of the sea, they rejoice in storms ;
On the top of the wave you may see their forms ;
They run and dive, and they whirl and fly,
Where the glittering foam-spray breaks on high ;
And against the force of the strongest gale,
Like phantom ships they soar and sail.

All over the ocean, far from land,
When the storm-king rises, dark and grand,
The mariner sees the petrel meet
The fathomless waves with steady feet,
And a tireless wing, and a dauntless breast,
Without a home or a hope of rest.

So, 'mid the contest and toil of life,
My soul ! when the billows of rage and strife
Are tossing high, and the heavenly blue
Is shrouded by vapours of sombre hue—
Like the petrel, wheeling o'er foam and spray,
Onward and upward pursue thy way !

SWEET WOMAN'S PITIYING TEAR.

J. W. LAKE.]

[*Music* by ALEXANDER LEE.]

WHATE'ER our lot in life may prove,
Let fortune smile or frown,
Oh ! ne'er forget that woman's love
Is honour, wealth, renown !

When hopes like fading leaves depart,
She shines an angel fair,
For every pang that rends the heart
Sweet woman has a tear.

The world it is a bitter one,
And govern'd still by gold ;
But love in woman's breast begun,
Clings like the ivy's fold.

Her heart is pity's pure domain,
Her home an Eden fair ;
For every human grief and pain
Sweet woman has a tear.

I'VE WATCHED FOR THEE.

H. DEVAL.]

[Music by H. DEVAL.]

I've watch'd for thee, my ain kind Jamie,

Why dost from thy Lilian stay?

I list for thy dear voice, my Jamie,

But list in vain for thy sweet lay;

Oh, haste and cheer my drooping heart,

With thee no danger can I fear;

With thee once more I ne'er will part,

For thou to me alone art dear.

Ah, linger not, my ain kind Jamie,

Let this heart once more rejoice;

I'll gladly share thy dangers, Jamie,

Cheered by love's inspiring voice;

When roving through the blooming heather,

'Neath the sunny skies of heaven,

And passing through life's path together,

From our hearts all care is driven.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF
THE WATERS.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"The young man's dream."]

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,

While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,

So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,

Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws

Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,

To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,

For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting!

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,

Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright

ray;

The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,

It may smile in its light, but it blooms not again.

HOPE FOR THE BEST!

EDWIN RANSFORD.]

[Music by E. RANSFORD.]

THE uphill of life we must all of us tread,
Encount'ring the rough and the smooth by the way,
But while we act right we have little to dread,
Our path will be bright and as clear as noonday.
'Tis fruitless to think it will be without pain,
That all will be pleasure on which we can rest ;
Still let us not over our trials complain,
But each do his duty, and hope for the best !

The bitters and sweets we in turn ever taste,
While passing the few years allotted to man ;
Yet why should we grieve ?—to do good let us haste—
To help one another do all that we can.
Misfortune may come to the best of us here,
But let us bear up when we're put to the test,
And should sorrow follow and cause us to fear,
Let each do his duty, and hope for the best !

We all must expect with reverses to meet,
Sometimes with a foe—and sometimes with a friend,
What matters, so long as our journey is sweet,
And leads to a bright and a glorious end ?
It is not all sunshine we want here below,
But various changes to give life a zest ;
Then let us look forward as onward we go,
Let each do his duty, and hope for the best !

GO, GENTLE BREEZE.

ROUND.

Go, gentle breeze, to yon verdant grove,
Where Delia mourns the absence of her love ;
Ye purling streams, O sweetly glide along,
Ye pretty warblers, tune your cheerful song ;
Ye rural swains, your powerful charms display,
And soothe my Delia while her love's away.

D 3

THE GREEK SLAVE.

J. H. JEWEL.]

[Music by S. W. NEW.

IN my own dearest land, in my childhood's loved home,
Where my footsteps were free as the wind,
My life's early days had their joys and their cares,
But no fetters bound hand, heart, or mind.
I was free as the wild bird that wings through the sky,
Ever sought for and loved by the brave ;
But my mem'ry recalls, recalls with a sigh
Those days—now alas ! I'm a Slave.

I sigh for my home, where the tyrant hath been
And destroyed the fair vision it wore ;
I sigh for my home and the fanes of my sires,
And the faith that they kindled of yore.
Yet Hope, sweet enchantress, points onwards and
says,
Thy sorrows will end with the grave,
And thy spirit thus freed, thus freed from earth's ties,
Shall give freedom and rest to the slave.

THE LIGHT FROM LOVING EYES.

GEORGE HODDER.]

[Music by M. W. BALFE.

THE light from loving eyes !
How brightly it beameth,
When thoughts of gloom arise,
The nearer it seemeth.

As onward we wander,
Thro' scenes that are drear,
That light is the beacon
Our spirits to cheer.

Tho' fortune may low'r,
And hearts be forsaken,
We hail the sweet pow'r,
New joys to awaken.

The light from loving eyes !
This truth doth engender,
That where its radiance dies,
Bright hopes we surrender.

When hearts are repining,
The charm still appears,
Through clouds gladly shining,
And calming our fears.

O'er life's darken'd stream,
May truth still endeavour
To make that light gleam
Our loadstar for ever !

THE LAMPLIGHTER.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

I'm jolly Dick the lamplighter,
They say the sun's my dad,
And truly I believe it, sir,
For I'm a pretty lad ;
Father and I the world do light,
And make it look so gay,
The difference is, I lights by night,
And father lights by day.

But father's not the likes of I,
For knowing life and fun,
For I queer tricks and fancy spy,
Folks never show the sun ;
Rogues, owls and bats, can't bear the light,
I've heard your wise ones say,
And so, d'ye mind, I sees at night,
Things never seen by day.

At night men lay aside all art,
As quite a useless task,
And many a face, and many a heart
Will then pull off the mask ;

Each formal prude and holy wight
Will throw disguise away,
And sin it openly at night,
Who sainted it all day.

His darling hoard the miser views,
Misses from friends decamp,
And many a statesman mischief brews,
To his country o'er his lamp ;
So father and I, d'ye take me right,
Are just on the same lay ;
I barefac'd sinners light by night
And he false saints by day.

IN THAT HAPPY, HAPPY TIME.

A. B. EDWARDS.]

[*Music* by J. F. DUGGAN.]

IN that happy, happy time,
When the spring was in its prime,
And the night came all too closely
On the footsteps of the day ;
I was young, I was fair,
And the blossoms in my hair
Were not sweeter than the hopes
That made my life a dream of May.

Now that happy spring is fled,
And the hopes of youth are dead.
But the summer and its ripen'd joy
Are all my own to-day.

Then weep not for the past,
Life is fair from first to last,
And the autumn rose is sweeter
Than the blossom on the May !

When the autumn, too, shall fade,
And the roses are decay'd,
And the grass that was erewhile so green,
Beneath the now-drift lies,

Shall we mourn the wither'd flow'rs !
Shall we count the vanish'd hours !
Or look forward to the future
That is dawning in the skies ?

Ah ! the snow will pass away,
And the dark but veils the day,
And the spring-time brings its blossoms,
And the wintry winds depart ;
So bid the past go with a sigh,
For lo ! the rainbow spans the sky,
And " Hope on, and hope for ever,"
Is the wisdom of the heart !

FORESTERS, SOUND THE CHEERFUL HORN.

GLEE.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

FORESTERS, sound the cheerful horn,
Hark, to the woods away,
Diana, with her nymphs this morn,
Will hunt the stag to bay.
At length returned from healthful chase,
Let Bacchus crown the day,
While Venus, with seducing grace,
Shall all our toil repay.

HASTE THEE, NYMPH.

MILTON.]

[*Music* by HANDEL.]

HASTE thee, nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.

ESMERALDA.

ALFRED WAYMARK.]

[Music by THOMAS BAKER.]

IN childhood, mother, on thy tender breast,
I've felt thy kisses on my tranquil brow,
Awake thee, dearest, from thy peaceful rest,
And save thy child from bitter sorrow now.
The cruel world, unfeeling, heedeth not
The plaint of one who was so dear to thee !
But lone and friendless on this wretched spot,
Thou, dearest mother, still wilt pity me.

Ere yet sweet infancy had passed away,
I felt thy tenderness each hour increase,
And thou did'st teach me in maturer day
That ways of virtue are the paths of peace ;
Thy fond caresses and thy precepts mild,
Must ever fervently remember'd be ;
Oh, look thee down upon thy suffering child,
And, dearest mother, thou wilt pity me !

NOREEN.

G. LINLEY.]

[Music by J. TULLY.]

NOREEN, darling ! don't look so shy—
It kills me, that glance of your eye ;
Oh, go where I will,
It follows me still,
Beaming bright, like a star in the sky.
While pressing your hand yesterday,
As idly we saunter'd along,
Each word that I wanted to say
Expired at the point of my tongue—
For as in a book
I read by your look,
That you seem well to know what I mean.
Yes, I love you, my darling Noreen !

Noreen ! if to love you be wrong,
The blame to my heart doth belong.
For morn, noon, and night,
You're all its delight,
And your name the sweet theme of my song.
Then, darling, no longer delay,
Your glances my heart have undone,
That smile says what I wish'd to say,
To-morrow we two shall be one.
The priest and a ring,
Will best settle the thing,
And explain what I really do mean.
Yes, I love you my darling Noreen !

THE HARDY SAILOR.

[*Music by DR. ARNOLD.*]

THE hardy sailor braves the ocean,
Fearless of the roaring wind ;
Yet his heart with soft emotion
Throbs to leave his love behind.

To dread of foreign foes a stranger,
Though the youth can dauntless roam,
Alarming fears paint ev'ry danger,
In a rival left at home.

GIVE ME THE SWEET DELIGHTS.

ROUND.

[*Music by HARRINGTON.*]

GIVE me the sweet delights of love,
Let not anxious care destroy them,
Oh ! how divine, still to enjoy them.
Pure are the blessings love bestowing,
Peace and harmony ever flowing,
A smoky house, a failing trade.
Six squalling brats, and a scolding jade.

I WOULD WE HAD NOT MET AGAIN.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[Music by her Sister.

I WOULD we had not met again !
 I had a dream of thee,
 Lovely, though sad, on desert plain,
 Mournful on midnight sea.
 What though it haunted me by night,
 And troubled through the day ?
 It touched all earth with spirit-light,
 It glorified my way.

Oh ! what shall now my faith restore
 In lovely things and fair ?
 We met—I saw thy soul once more—
 The world's breath had been there !
 Yes ! it was sad on desert plain,
 Mournful on midnight sea,
 Yet would I buy with life again
 That one deep dream of thee.

THE LASS OF WATERTOWN.

EDWARD CAPERN.]

[Music by J. L. HATTON.

OH, the bonnie, bonnie Yeo !
 Where the hawthorns, hanging low,
 Spread a fragrant sun-screen woven,
 And over-laid with down ;
 Where the sleek and dappled kine
 Breathe an odour like the vine,
 There for ever I would wander
 With the lass of Watertown.

Flow gently, softly flow,
 Let thy waters murmur low ;
 For my lov'd one is departed,
 My beauty and my crown ;

And nightly by my side
I will watch thy loving tide
Leap up to kiss my darling,
The lass of Watertown.

Flow faster, faster flow,
My bright and bonnie Yeo !
And help to swell the chorus,
As the waters gambol down ;
Until the song is heard,
From maiden, man, and bird,
O, come again, sweet Polly !
Fair lass of Watertown.

CRIED ECHO, FAR AWAY.

[LORD BYRON.]

WITHIN a bower, a lady gay
Sat warbling to her lute ;
While, as if listening to her lay,
The airy tribe was mute :
“ My love was true ; yet, well-a-day,
From me my love is far away.”
Cried Echo, “ far away.”

“ Now hie thee here, my handsome page,
Trip nimbly as the fawn ;
For lo ! I see a pilgrim sage
Come tott’ring o’er the lawn.
And here invite his welcome stay,
My love may wander far away.
Cried Echo, “ far away.”

“ Here, pilgrim, rest awhile your woe.”
He blessed her charity,
Then off his weeds essayed to throw ;
Her true love, it was he.
And now that lady changed her lay,
And sung, “ Be sorrow far away.”
Cried Echo, “ far away.”

WHY THROBS THIS HEART WITH RAPTURE NEW?

J. R. PLANCHE.]

[*Music by W. V. WALLACE.*

WHY throbs this heart with rapture new,
What joy is this till now unknown ?
In accents soft while he did sue,
E'en Nature's self seemed lovelier grown.
When at my side the evening gale
More gently did the flowers move ;
Some spell doth sure my sense assail,
A power unseen, can it be love ?

Why sinks my heart now he is gone ?
Why sad and cheerless feel I now ?
The night wind sighs more sad and lone,
More chill the breeze plays o'er my brow ;
His voice yet rings within mine ear,
Like music wafted from above,
Nought else to me e'er seemed so dear,
Ah, much I fear this must be love !

MY MOTHER'S SWEET GOOD NIGHT.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music by E. L. HIME.*

Two gentle words, two loving words,
I never can forget,
Though hushed the lips that breathed them oft,
They haunt my memory yet ;
Like echoes of departed days,
When all around was bright,
Their spirit-music charms me still ;—
My mother's sweet " Good night."
I see again those watchful eyes
That gazed with such delight,
's o'er me, in my tiny bed,
She fondly breathed " Good night."

I've listened to the magic tones
 By tuneful voices sung ;
 I've heard the mirth of manhood's prime,
 The laughter of the young ;
 They cheered my drooping heart, but when
 The festive scene took flight,
 'Twas sweet to call to mind again
 My mother's soft " Good night."
 And still, tho' years have passed, when fades
 The last faint beam of light,
 I seem to hear that spirit-voice ;—
 My mother's sweet " Good night."

LOVE LURKS IN A LAUGHING EYE.

R. MANNERS WHITE.]

[*Music by* LEIGH SMITH.]

LOVE may dwell in a sleek
 Or a dimple cheek,
 His voice may be heard in a sigh,
 But such signs are weak
 His presence to speak,
 Compar'd with a laughing eye,
 Oh, he lurks in a laughing eye,
 He lurks in a laughing eye.
 No adage more true,
 Than this I tell you,
 Love lurks in a laughing eye.

Love may dwell in the mind,
 Like a debtor confin'd,
 But in vain to secure him you try :
 His captivity ends
 When he writes to his friends,
 His postman a laughing eye,
 For he lurks in a laughing eye,
 He lurks in a laughing eye.
 No adage more true
 Than this I tell you,
 Love lurks in a laughing eye.

Youths and maidens take care,
I would have you beware
Of a little wing'd urchin so sly ;
For if it should prove
You have harboured this love,
'Twill peep forth in a laughing eye,
Yes, he lurks in a laughing eye,
He lurks in a laughing eye.
No adage more true
Than this I tell you,
Love lurks in a laughing eye.

THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND ME.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Air—"Brighton Camp."

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley ;
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
Since parting with my Sally.
I seek no more the fine and gay,
For each does but remind me
How swift the hours did pass away
With the girl I left behind me.

Oh ! ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light,
When first she vow'd to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,
Kind Heaven, then pray guide me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

Had I the heart to sing her praise
With all the skill of Homer,
One only theme should fill my lays, .
The charms of my true lover.

So let the night be e'er so dark,
Or e'er so wet and windy,
Kind Heaven send me back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
May leave the swain repining.
Ye gods above ! oh, hear my prayer,
To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling waves shall cease to roar,
E'er I shall seek to change her.
The vows we register'd above
Shall ever cheer and bind me
In constancy to her I love,
The girl I've left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain
In sleeping or in waking,
Until I see my love again,
For whom my heart is breaking.
If ever I return that way,
And she should not decline me,
I evermore will live and stay
With the girl I've left behind me.

IT IS THE HAPPY SUMMER TIME.

HENRY C. WATSON.]

[Music by W. V. WALLACE.

It is the happy summer time !
The fruits are ripening fast,
The glad earth clothed in brightest green
Forgets the snowy past.

The quick'ning sun shines bright on all,
The flowers sweet odours bear ;
The streamlets flow through leafy bowers,
And joy is everywhere.

It is the happy summer time,
O beating heart be still,
Bound not with such ecstatic joy—
With such a rapturous thrill !
All living things seem to rejoice,
The spirit soars on wings,
And nature with exultant voice,
The praise of summer sings.

THE LADY OF THE MAY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by W. H. MONTGOMERY.]

Oh ! the Lady of the May !
She was fair as she was gay,
For a sweetheart all too young,
Yet had she a winning tongue ;
Innocent, yet sweetly wild,
Though she was a very child
She made all the village wait
Near her floral throne of state.
Thine was then a happy day,
Little Lady of the May !

Oh ! the Lady of the May !
Few the years that passed away
Ere she was a maiden bright,
Still her step was free and light ;
No one ventur'd then to sip—
Honey from her cherry lip,
Still her bright and laughing eyes
Caused around a world of sighs ;
But a lover came one day
To wed the Lady of the May !

Oh ! the Lady of the May !
Now her golden locks are grey ;
Yet her smile like sunset beams
When upon the past she dreams :
Sweet to her that early time
When the May was in its prime,
Now to us so old and strange,
Yet she sighs not o'er the change.
Thine was still a happy day,
Gentle Lady of the May !

THE GREY-EYED AURORA.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by DIBDIN.]

THE grey-eyed Aurora, in saffron array,
'Twixt my curtains in vain took a peep ;
And though broader and broader still brightened the
day,
Nought could wake me, so sound did I sleep.
At length rosy Phœbus look'd full in my face,
Full and fervent, but nothing would do,
Till the dogs yelp'd, impatient, and longed for the
chase,
And shouting appeared the whole crew.

Come on, yoics, honeys ! hark forward, my boys,
There ne'er was so charming a morn ;
Follow, follow ! wake, Echo ! to share in our joys,
Now the music, now Echo,—mark ! mark !
Hark ! hark !

The silver-mouthed hounds, and the mellow-toned
horn.

Fresh as that smiling morning from which they drew
health,

My companions are ranged on the plain,
Blest with rosy contentment, that's nature's best
wealth,
Which monarchs aspire to in vain :

Now spirits like fire every bosom invade,
And now we in order set out,
While each neighbouring valley, rock, woodland, and
glade, -
Re-voleys the air-rending shout.
Come on, yoics, &c.

Now Renard's unearthed, and runs fairly in view,
Now we've lost him, so subtly he turns,
But the scent lies so strong, still we fearless pursue,
While each object impatiently burns :
Hark ! Babblers gives tongue, and Fleet, Driver, and
Sly,
The fox now the covert forsakes ;
Again he's in view, let us after him fly,
Now, now to the river he takes.
Come on, yoics, &c.

From the river poor Renard can make but one push,
No longer so proudly he flies,
Tired, jaded, worn out, we are close to his brush,
And, conquered, like Cæsar he dies ;
And now in high glee to the board we repair,
Where sat, as we jovially quaff,
His portion of merit let every man share,
And promote the convivial laugh.
Come on, yoics, &c.

GENTLE YOUTH, AH ! TELL ME WHY ?

[*Music by DR. ARNE.*]

GENTLE youth, ah ! tell me why
Still you force me thus to fly ?
Cease, oh ! cease to persevere,
Speak not what I must not hear.
To my heart its ease restore,
Go ! and never see me more !

'TIS PLEASANT TO BE YOUNG.

ANSON G. CHESTER.]

[*Music by W. V. WALLACE.*

A BOY amid the blossoms played,
 With rosy lip and golden curl,
 He lay beneath their fragrant shade,
 And listened to the streamlet's purl :
 And while he wove a garland fair,
 His childish accents sweetly rung
 Upon the breeze that stirred his hair,—
 'Tis pleasant to be young.

Youth fled away ; the snows of age
 Were sprinkled on his locks of gold,
 And on his forehead's truthful page
 The tales of dreary years were told,
 That careless scene returned again,
 And 'mid his tears the old man sung,
 Rolled back on memory's noiseless main,—
 'Tis pleasant to be young.

THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN
KYLE.

ROBERT BURNS.]

[*Tune—"Daintie Davie."*

'THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
 But whatna day, o' whatna style,
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.

For Robin was a rovin' boy,
 A rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin',
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 O rantin', rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,
 'Twas then a blast o' Januar' win'
 Blew hansel in on Robin.

For Robin was, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
 Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,
 This waly boy will be nae coof ;
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.
 For Robin was, &c.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
 But aye a heart aboon them a' ;
 He'll be a credit till us a' ;
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.
 For Robin was, &c.

WITH JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* ANONYMOUS.]

'Twas on the morn of sweet May day
 When nature painted all things gay,
 Taught birds to sing and lambs to play
 And decked the meadows fair,
 Young Jockey early in the morn
 Arose and tripp'd it o'er the lawn ;
 His Sunday coat the youth put on,
 For Jenny had vowed away to run
 With Jockey to the fair.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,
 With eager steps he trudg'd along ;
 Sweet flow'ry garlands round him hung
 Which shepherds used to wear :
 He tapp'd the window,—“Haste, my dear,”
 Jenny, impatient, cried, “Who's there?”
 “’Tis I, my love, and no one near,
 Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
 With Jockey to the fair.”

“My dad and mammy's fast asleep,
 My brother's up and with the sheep,
 And will you still your promise keep
 Which I have heard you swear ?

And will you ever constant prove ?”

“I will by all the powers above,
And ne’er deceive my charming dove,
Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,
With Jockey to the fair.”

“Behold the ring,” the shepherd cried,
“Will Jenny be my charming bride?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there !”

Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He would be constant, would be true,
His word was pledged ; away she flew
With cowslips sparkling with the dew,
With Jockey to the fair.

Soon did they meet a joyful throng,
Their gay companions blithe and young ;
Each joins the dance, each joins the song,
To hail the happy pair.

What two were e’er so fond as they ?
All bless the kind propitious day,
The smiling morn and blooming May
When lovely Jenny ran away
With Jockey to the fair.

WHEN THE WIND IS BLOWING FREE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by J. P. KNIGHT.]

WHEN the wind is blowing free, boys,
What a jovial life is ours,
Who would care on the land to be, boys,
With its forest, fruit, and flowers ?
When our forests of masts are sweeping past,
Such sights can the landmen see ?
As our sailing fleets with their swelling sheets,
When the winds are blowing free !

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Our life is a life of freedom,
We're borne by the fresh'ning gale ;
And for storms—we never heed 'em,
If we've plenty of room to sail ;
For we know that the power above us,
Our guide in the storm will be,
For the sake of the girls who love us,
When the winds are blowing free !

And then, when the sails are righted,
And night draws her gloaming screen,
We think of the vows we plighted
On the far-off village green ;
We drink to our wives and sweethearts,
And fancy their forms we see,
As the vessel glides through the swelling tides,
And the wind is blowing free !

THE SHIP.

[JOHN MALCOLM.]

HER mighty sails the breezes swell,
As fast she leaves the lessening land,
And from the shore the last farewell
Is waved by many a snowy hand ;
And weeping eyes are on the main
Until its verge she wanders o'er ;
But, from that hour of parting pain,
Oh ! she was never heard of more !

In her was many a mother's joy,
And love of many a weeping fair ;
In her was wafted, in its sigh,
The lonely heart's unceasing prayer ;
And oh ! the thousand hopes untold
Of ardent youth, that vessel bore ;
Say, were they quenched in ocean cold,
For she was never heard of more.

When on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation, doom'd to flee,
Say, sank she 'mid the blending wrath
Of racking cloud and rolling sea?
Or, where the land but mocks the eye,
Went drifting on a fatal shore?
Vain guesses all!—her destiny
Is dark;—she ne'er was heard of more.

The moon hath twelve times changed her in,
From glowing orb to crescent wan:
'Mid skies of calm, and scowl of storm,
Since from her port that ship hath gone;
But ocean keeps its secret well;
And though we know that all is o'er,
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell
Her fate:—she ne'er was heard of more!

WRITE ON THE SAND.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music by J. P. KNIGHT.*

WRITE on the sand when the tide is low,
Seek the spot when the waters flow,
Whisper a name when the storm is heard,
Pause, that echo may breathe the word;
If what you wrote on the sand should last,
And echo is heard 'mid the tempest's blast,
Then believe, and not till then,
That there's truth in the vows of men.

Throw a rose on the stream at morn,
Watch at eve for the flower's return;
Drop in the ocean a golden grain,
Hope 'twill shine on the shore again;
If the rose you again behold,
If you gaze on your grain of gold,
Then believe, and not till then,
That there's truth in the vows of men.

DON'T LET THE ROSES LISTEN.

JESSICA RANKIN.]

[Music by M. W. BALFE.

DON'T let the roses listen,
 Don't let the night-star wink,
 Don't let the dew-drops glisten
 Whilst I tell thee of whom I think ;
 I will whisper softly, lowly,
 Not e'en zephyr's self shall hear,
 Echo shall not catch a murmur
 To tell the babbling streamlet near.

Stars would show the sweet rose blushing,
 Zephyrs come with gentle sighs,
 Quickly steals the cherish'd secret,
 Then to other loves he flies ;
 Echo hears the faintest murmur,
 Whispers "I will never tell,"
 But the world will soon discover
 The name I love so well.

Don't let the roses listen,
 Don't let the night-star wink,
 Don't let the dew-drops glisten
 Whilst I say, 'tis of thee I think.

NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING.

MADRIGAL.

Now is the month of maying,
 When merry lads are playing,
 Each with his bonny lass,
 A dancing on the grass.
 Fa, la, la, la, la.

The spring clad all in gladness,
 Doth laugh at winter's sadness,
 And to the bagpipe's sound,
 The nymphs tread out their ground.

'T WAS DOWN IN CUPID'S GARDEN.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Air—Old English.

'T WAS down in Cupid's garden
For pleasure I did go,
To see the fairest flowers
That in that garden grow.
The first it was the jessamine,
The lily, pink, and rose,
And surely they're the fairest flowers
That in that garden grow.

I'd not walk'd in that garden
The part of half an hour,
When there I saw two pretty maids
Sitting under a shady bow'r ;
The first was lovely Nancy,
So beautiful and fair,
The other was a virgin,
Who did the laurels wear.

I boldly stepp'd up to her
And unto her did say,
Are you engaged to any young man,
Do tell to me, I pray ?
I'm not engaged to any young man,
I solemnly do swear,
I mean to live a virgin
And still the laurel wear.

Then hand in hand together
This lovely couple went ;
Resolved was the sailor boy
To know her full intent.
To know if he would slighted be,
When to her the truth he told :
Oh no ! oh no ! oh no ! she cried,
I love a sailor bold.

THE SORROWS OF THE HEART.

ALFRED BUNN.]

[Music by M. W. BALFE.]

THY beauty, while it thrills my soul,
 Cannot dispel its gloom,
 But beams with a deceptive light,
 Like roses on a tomb.
 And yet by thee beguil'd, enchain'd,
 I still would at its shrine,
 To win thy love, lay down my life,
 My fame to call thee mine.
 Oh ! Bianca, oh ! Bianca,
 Thy beauty, while it thrills my soul,
 Cannot dispel its gloom,
 But beams with a deceptive light,
 Like roses on a tomb.
 Then lady, while thy radiant smiles
 Each stricken sense subdue,
 Oh, may they, as they rend the heart,
 Allay its sorrow too !

THE BEAR HUNT.

HENRY PHILLIPS.]

[Music by H. PHILLIPS.]

THE forest we enter, silently and slow,
 Let not a leaf be turn'd—soft, breathe low.
 Thicker, more gloomy the deep forest grows ;
 Look for the track where the streamlet flows.

Hush ! hush ! hush ! 'tis a rustling noise !
 Steady, my lads ! steady ! be silent, my boys !
 Fire ! what is that ? an old racoon ?
 Miss'd him ! I guess, lad, you fired too soon.

Onward we bend, and the fern grows high,
 We cannot be far off, a bear must be nigh.
 Hark ! hark ! a growl ! then each take his tree,
 Let the old woodman go forth now and see.

A bear and her cubs ! she's up in her lair !
 Fire ! you have hit her ! Again, boys, prepare.
 Hit again ! now then she runs to the tree.
 Hit again ! bravo ! she flies now to thee.

Another shot ! down she goes ! seize on your prey,
 And then on our shoulders we'll bear her away.
 Then praise to the woodman whose feast we prepare,
 Whose shot kill'd the brute in her secret lair ;
 And sing the old song of the shot that is best,
 By our wood fires bright in the far, far West.

THE FAIRY'S SONG.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by F. N. CROUCH.

[It is generally understood that the Fairies reward those who listen to their fairy-tunes with respect and attention, and that they have power to punish those who disturb, or who treat them with disrespect and neglect.]

If you hear a sound at night
 Borne upon the breeze,
 Like the voice of seraph bright,
 Like the whispering trees ;
 If it flow, though faint and low,
 Like a stream along,
 Hush ! your lightest breath forego,
 'Tis the fairies' song.
 And bless'd are they by mystic throng
 Who calmly hear the fairies' song.

If the sound be like a voice
 Whispering to your heart,
 If it makes your soul rejoice
 Like Kathleen's when apart :
 If ye pause and wonder why
 Such to earth belong,
 Do not breathe your lightest sigh,
 'Tis the fairies' song.
 And they are bless'd by mystic throng
 Who ne'er disturb the fairies' song.

Then, if after many a year
 Some bard of Erin's isle,
 Sings the songs ye love to hear,
 And your heart beguile ;
 If that bard your soul has stirred,
 Be his passion strong,
 Oh ! be sure that he has heard,
 And caught the fairies' song.
 Oh, Erin's bards sing sweet and strong,
 For they have heard the fairies' song.

THE CARMAN'S WHISTLE.

[Tune—"The Carman's whistle." 16th Century.]

YOUNG Tom the carman's tongue was slow,
 A sorry gift of speech had he ;
 He'd rather let his horses know
 His secret thoughts than you or me.
 He whistled, whistled, whistled daily,
 Whether good or ill befell ;
 He whistled sadly, whistled gaily,
 While his horses mark'd him well.

Fair Susan's glance was proud and cold,
 The carman's heart she nearly broke ;
 But still his face was bluff and bold,
 And not a single word he spoke.
 He whistled, whistled, whistled sadly,
 Whistled, whistled all the day ;
 But though he whistled, whistled madly,
 Could not whistle care away.

Fair Susan's glance was kind and bright,
 She own'd her love, that buxom maid ;
 Young Tom was crazy with delight,
 He stammer'd, blush'd, but nought he said.
 He whistled, whistled, whistled gaily,
 His joy by whistling he would tell,
 And while he whistled, whistled daily,
 The knowing beasts rejoic'd as well.

BUXOM NAN.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

THE wind was hushed, the storm was over,
Unfurled was ev'ry flowing sail,
From toil released, when Dick, of Dover,
Went with his messmates to regale ;
All danger o'er, cried he, my neat hearts,
Drown care then in the smiling can ;
Come, bear a hand, let's toast our sweethearts,
And first I'll give my Buxom Nan.

She's none of those that's always giggling,
And stem and stern made up of art—
One knows a vessel by her rigging—
Such ever slight a constant heart :
With straw hat and pink streamers flowing.
How oft to meet me has she ran ;
While for dear life would I be rowing,
To meet with smiles my Buxom Nan.

Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies—
To see him stare when he came back,
The girls were so all off the hinges,
His Poll was quite unknown to Jack :
Taut-masted all, to see who's tallest,
Breast-works, top-ga'ant sails, and a fan—
Messmate, cried I, more sail than ballast,
Ah ! still give me my Buxom Nan.

None in life's sea can sail more quicker,
To show her love or serve a friend ;
But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor,
This one word, then, and there's an end :
Of all the wenches whatsomdever,
I say, then, find me out who can,
One half so tight, so kind, so clever,
Sweet, trim, and neat as Buxom Nan.

THE MAID AND HER MOORISH KNIGHT.

McMURRAY.]

[Music by M. W. BALFE.]

A MAIDEN so fair loved a Moorish knight,
And bravest of knights was he,
His heart was the treasure—his look the light,
That led her o'er land and sea.
And prized he the maiden as life-blood dear,
And nought could her brightness dim ;
The dream of her happiness he was here,
And she was the world to him !

She followed her love to the field of death,
With her knightly love was slain ;
She sighed on his bosom her parting breath,
And woke she never again !
In beauty of maidenhood fell she there,
And he in his armour bright ;
So sleep they together, the faithful pair,
The maid and her Moorish knight !

IS THERE TRUTH IN FAIRY SPELLS?

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.]

Is there truth in fairy spells,
In the tales we heard of yore ?
If the heart in fondness dwells,
On the dear old fairy lore,
If those memories we retain
Still the gloomy hour repels,
If we may feel young again,
Then there's truth in fairy spells !

If in sorrow's dark'ning hour
A human voice can cheer,
If some kind words have such power
From the lips we love so dear ;

If for one bright form alone
The heart responsive swells,—
Oh ! 'tis then that all must own
There is truth in fairy spells !

If thy lot in life be cast
Away from splendour's shrine ;
If amid misfortune's blasts,
Two faithful hearts entwine ;
If love, and hope, and truth,
Ev'ry doubt and grief dispels ;
Oh ! then wrinkled age and youth
Own the truth of fairy spells.

WE ALL LOVE A PRETTY GIRL. .

ONS ! neighbours, ne'er blush for a trifle like this,
What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss ?
The greatest and gravest—a truce with grimace,
Would do the same thing were they in the same place.

No age, no profession, no station is free,
To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee ;
What power, resistless, no strength can oppose,
We all love a pretty girl under the rose.

GOOD NIGHT.

GLEE.

[*Music* by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

GOOD night, good rest, ah ! neither be my share,
She bade good night, that kept my rest away,
And daft me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubt of my decay.
"Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to-morrow,"
Farewell I could not, for I supped with sorrow.

FAREWELL, MY FATHERLAND.

C. JEFFREYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

FAREWELL ! I go to the far off land ;
 But tho' bright that land may be,
 There is not a home in the wide, wide world,
 That can win my heart from thee.
 In the courtly throng of the strangers' halls
 I shall think of the happy band,
 And the many joys I have shar'd with them
 In the homes of my fatherland.
 The many joys, &c.

I shall count the days till the hour returns
 That shall bring me back to thee,—
 To the home I love, and the kindly hearts
 That have made it dear to me.
 Oh ! what joy will burst on my raptur'd sight
 When I see the waving hand,
 And hear the song I have lov'd so well
 In the homes of my fatherland.
 And hear the song, &c.

THE OLD SEXTON.

CHARLES MACKAY.]

[*Music* by HENRY RUSSELL]

NIGH to a grave that was newly made,
 Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade :
 His work was done, and he paus'd to wait
 The funeral train through the open gate.
 A relic of bygone days was he,
 And his locks were white as the foamy sea ;
 And these words came from his lips so thin,
 " I gather them in,—I gather them in !
 " I gather them in ! For man and boy,
 Year after year of grief and joy,
 I've builded the houses that lie around,
 In ev'ry nook of the burial-ground ;

Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude, one by one;
But come they strangers, or come they kin,
I gather them in,—I gather them in !

“Many are with me, but still I’m alone,
I’m king of the dead, and I make my throne
On a monument slab or a marble cold,
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.
Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all.
Let them toil in pleasure or joyfully spin,
I gather them in,—I gather them in !

“I gather them in, and their final rest
Is here, down here in the earth’s dark breast !”
And the sexton ceased, for the fun’ral train
Wound mutely over that solemn plain.
And I said to myself,—“When time is old,
A mightier voice than this sexton’s bold
Will sound o’er the last trump’s dreadful din,
‘I gather them in,—I gather them in !’”

A SAILOR’S PHILOSOPHY.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

WHAT argues pride and ambition ?

Soon or late death will take us in tow ;
Each bullet has got its commission,

And when our time’s come we must go.
Then drink and sing—hang pain and sorrow,
The halter was made for the neck ;
He that’s now alive and lusty—to-morrow
Perhaps may be stretched on the deck.

There was little Tom Linstock, of Dover,
Got kill’d, and left Polly in pain ;
Poll cried, but her grief was soon over,
And then she got married again.
Then drink, &c.

Jack Junk was ill-used by Bet Crocker,
And so took to guzzling the stuff,
Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker,
And there he got liquor enough.
Then drink, &c.

For our prize-money then to the proctor,
Take of joy while 'tis going our freak ;
For what argues calling the doctor
When the anchor of life is apeak.
Then drink, &c.

OH! SAILOR BOY, PEACE TO THY SOUL.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swang loose at the sport of the wind,
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind :
He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn,
Whilst mem'ry stood sideways, half covered with
flowers,
And restored ev'ry rose, but secreted a thorn.

The jessamine clambers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from the nest in the
wall,
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voice of beloved ones reply to his call :
A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's fond tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

Oh ! sailor boy, sailor boy, never again
Shall peace, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay ;
Unblest and unhonour'd, down deep in the main,
Full many score fathom thy form shall decay.

Days, months, years and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll ;
Earth loosens thy body for ever and aye,
Oh ! sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to thy soul.

WHERE SHALL WE MEET ?

J. B. PLANCHE.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

OH, not by the river, though bright be its tide,
And fragrant the blossoms that fringe its fair side,
Nor yet in the lime grove, although its deep shade
Seems a shelter for lovers by Love himself made.
Not there be our meeting, the stream and the bower
Have witnessed fond vows falsehood broke in an hour ;
The murmuring wave and the whispering tree
Are full of sad warnings, not there let it be.

And not in the valley, its emerald green,
With the tears of repentance oft watered have been,
Nor yet on the cliff, for its forehead so bare,
Hath rung with the shriek of a lost one's despair.
"Then where," dost thou ask me, "oh, where shall we
meet,
Where shall solitude render Love's sweet voice more
sweet ?"
"Go find me the spot upon mountain or glade,
Where woman hath listened and man not betrayed !"

MARK'D YOU HER EYE OF HEAVENLY BLUE ?

[*Music* by SPOFFORTH.]

MARK'D you her eye of heavenly blue ?
Mark'd you her cheek of roseate hue ?
That eye in liquid circles moving ;
That cheek abash'd at man's approving ?
The one, love's arrows darting round,
The other blushing at the wound.

GRIST TO THE MILL.

MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.] [Music by P. E. VAN NOORDEN.

It's all very fine for us schoolgirls to cry,
For Love we could live, and for Love we could die ;
The saucy young rogue only laughs in his sleeve,
And launches his arrows their traces to leave :—
Saying, "Grist to the mill !" come, yield then who
will,
That Cupid may prosper through foolish things still.

What ! yield on such terms ? No ! we thank you the
same,
But we're not the moths to be caught in your flame ;
Our wings are too choice to be singed with its glow,
And that, boastful Cupid, we'd have you to know :
Saying, "Grist to the mill !" come, yield then who
will,
That Cupid may prosper through foolish things still.

Yet to live and not love, while the gay cavaliers
Protest we are all irresistible dears,
Will a courage demand that must certainly fail,
So we'll compromise matters and let Cupid rail :
Tho' 'tis grist to the mill, our fate we'll still fulfil,
Nor care to be reckoned 'mong foolish things still.

MY HEART IS OVERWEARY, DEAR.

MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.] [Music by P. H. ATKINSON.

'TIS years since we two parted,
Then the bloom was on my cheek,
But now 'tis whiter than the snow—
For I am worn and weak ;
I thought that thou would'st come again,
Such fond belief to me,
For my heart is overweary, dear,
In waiting still for thee.

I count the hours, I count the days,
I count the months and years,
And very sad and mournful, dear,
That counting time appears ;
For baffled hope and wasted youth
It tedious makes to me ;—
Oh ! my heart is overweary, dear,
In waiting still for thee.

Hark ! hark ! I hear a well-known step,
Oh ! life, ebb not away !
I did not mean it, when I chid
Death for its slow delay.
He comes—he comes ! oh, let me live
Once more thy face to see,
For my heart is overweary, dear,
In waiting still for thee.

WONT YOU TELL ?

J. B. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by STEPHEN GLOYER.]

WHY not tell me if you love me,
Be it more or be it less,
Not more distant stars above me,
Why thus leave me still to guess ?
Sometimes cold and sometimes pleasant,
Tho' you frown you smile as well,
You a riddle are at present,—
Do you love me—wont you tell ?

When I sigh, your smile provoking
Buys me up on hope's bright wings,
When I'm gay you say "I'm joking,
Lovers are such silly things."
I would rather you'd abuse me,
Than 'twixt hope and fear thus dwell,
So we'll say that you refuse me ;
Ah ! you're silent—wont you tell ?

OLD ENGLAND'S VOLUNTEERS.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Air—"The British Grenadiers."

No love of conquest fires them, no false ambition
 snares,

No step aggressive marks them; a holier cause is
 theirs.

Defenders of their Queen and homes, of all that life
 endears,

Against invasion's hostile bands, arise the Volunteers!

No serf or conscript swells their ranks, whose banner
 freedom rears;

Spontaneously, then rally round, "Old England's
 Volunteers."

Their watchword is "Be ready;" and "the flag a
 thousand years

That's brav'd the battle and the breeze," waves o'er
 the Volunteers.

No pride of rank or station, the peasant and the peer—
One common band of Englishmen—all meet as equals
 here;

Hearts beat with hearts, hand joins in hand, more
 firm as danger nears;

The bravest is the noblest of "Old England's Volunteers."

Old jealousies and private griefs, the rencourings of
 years,

Are buried in the fellowship of England's Volunteers;
All discord vanishes, and naught but unity appears

Among the holy brotherhood of England's Volunteers.

No bickerings of party can their solid ranks divide,—
There, Tories, Whigs, and Radicals are number'd side
 by side;

United in their country's cause, all faction disappears;
They recognise no politics, the patriot Volunteers!

Impell'd by love, at duty's call, amidst their country's
cheers,
Your husbands, brothers, sires, come forth, in might,
as Volunteers !
Then, wives and maids of Albion, dispel invasion's
fears,—
No hostile foot shall tread the shore where all are
Volunteers !

“ Arm, Britons, arm ! ” “ Defend the land ! ” “ Your
country's flag's unfurl'd,”
And answering guns and rifles bid defiance to the
world ;
Then pledge them in a bumper, up-standing, with
three cheers,
To the safeguard of our hearths and homes, “ Old
England's Volunteers.”

I DREAM OF THEE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT.]

I DREAM of thee when all is still,
At each dear return of night,
For when sweet sleep mine eyelids fill
Thy presence glads my sight ;
I shun the open glare of day,
Earth has no charms for me,
I cannot live and thou away—
Save when I dream of thee.

I dream of thee, and then I dwell
By wood, and fount, and stream,
Nor would I break the fatal spell,
Though life prove but a dream.
For in those calm and blissful hours
Thy gentle form I see,
Again we rove earth's sunny bowers ;
Oh ! then I dream of thee.

I dream of thee, I live in dreams—
 The sunshine broad and high,
 That lights the woods, and gilds the streams,
 But shows thou art not nigh ;
 But when the first sweet shades of night
 Fall o'er the earth and sea,
 My sun appears in splendour bright,
 For then I dream of thee.

DULCE DOMUM.

[J. B., in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for March, 1796.]

SING a sweet melodious measure,
 Waft enchanting lays around ;
 Home's a theme replete with pleasure :—
 Home ! a grateful theme resound.

Home, sweet home ! an ample treasure ;
 Home ! with ev'ry blessing crown'd ;
 Home ! perpetual source of pleasure ;
 Home ! a noble strain resound.

Lo ! the joyful hour advances,
 Happy season of delight !
 Festal songs and festal dances
 All our tedious toils requite.

Leave, my wearied Muse, thy learning ;
 Leave thy task so hard to bear .
 Leave thy labour, ease returning,
 Leave, my bosom, all thy care.

See the year, the meadow, smiling ;
 Let us then a smile display :
 Rural sport our pain beguiling,
 Rural pastimes call away.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,
 And no longer loves to roam :
 The example thus impelling,
 Let us seek our native home !

Let both men and steeds assemble,
Panting for the wide champaign ;
Let the ground beneath us tremble,
While we scour along the plain.

Oh, what raptures ! oh, what blisses !
When we gain the lovely gate ;
Mothers' arms and mothers' kisses,
There our blest arrival wait.

Greet our household gods with singing ;
Lend, O Lucifer, thy ray !
Why should light, so slowly springing,
All our promised joys delay !

Founded upon the Winchester School-boys' Latin song,
" Dulce Domum."

WHILE WOMAN LIKE SOFT MUSIC CHARMS.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

WHILE woman like soft music charms,
So sweetly bliss dispenses,
Some favourite part each fair performs,
In the concert of the senses.
Love, great first fiddle in the band,
Each passion quells and raises,
Exploring, with a master's hand,
Nice modulation's mazes ;
Till the rapt soul, supremely blest,
Beams brightly in each feature,
And lovely woman stands confessed
The harmony of nature.

Hark ! with the pensive, in duet,
The sprightly how it mingles !
The prude's the flute, and the coquette
The lively harp that tinkles.

One boldly sweeps the yielding strings,
 While plaintive t'other prates it ;
 Like Cæsar, this to victory springs ;
 Like Fabius, that awaits it.
 With various gifts, to make us blest,
 Love skills each charming creature :
 Thus lovely woman stands confessed
 The harmony of nature.

Maids are of virginals the type,
 Widows the growling tymbal,
 Scolds are the shrill and piercing pipe,
 Flirts are the wiry cymbal.
 All wives piano-fortes are,
 The bass, how old maids thump it !
 The bugle-horn are archers fair ;
 An amazon's a trumpet.
 Thus, with rare gifts, to make us blest,
 Love skills his favourite creature ;
 And thus sweet woman stands confessed
 The harmony of nature.

A NORTH COUNTRY LASS, OR THE OAK AND THE ASH.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Air—Old English.

A NORTH country lass up to London did pass,
 Although with her nature it did not agree,
 Which made her repent, and so often lament,
 Still wishing again in the North for to be.
 Oh, the oak and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
 Do flourish at home in my own country.

Fain would I be in the North country,
 Where the lads and lasses are making of hay ;
 There should I see what is pleasant to me ;
 A mischief light on them entic'd me away !
 Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

I like not the court nor the city resort,
Since there is no fancy for such maids as me ;
Their pomp and their pride I can never abide,
Because with my humour it doth not agree.

Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

How oft have I been in the Westmoreland green,
Where the young men and maidens resort for to play ;
Where we with delight, from morning till night,
Could feast it and frolic on each holiday.

Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

The ewes and their lambs, with the kids and their
dams,

To see in the country how finely they play ;
The bells they do ring, and the birds they do sing,
And the fields and the gardens so pleasant and gay.

Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

At wakes and at fairs, being void of all cares,
We there with our lovers did use for to dance ;
Then hard hap had I, my ill-fortune to try,
And so up to London my steps to advance.

Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

But still I perceive I a husband might have,
If I to the city my mind could but frame ;
But I'll have a lad that is North-country bred,
Or else I'll not marry in the mind that I am.

Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

A maiden I am, and a maid I'll remain,
Until my own country again I do see,
For here in this place I shall ne'er see the face
Of him that's allotted my love for to be.

Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

Then farewell my daddy, and farewell my mammy,
Until I do see you I nothing but mourn ;
Rememb'ring my brothers, and sisters, and others,
In less than a year I hope to return.

Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

F

I DREAMT I WAS AT HOME.

C. BLAMPHEIN.]

[Music by C. BLAMPHEIN.]

I DREAMT I was at home,
 With mother dear again,
 Whose voice to me alone
 Would banish every pain ;
 My sister dear was there,
 And noble father too,
 Oh, how I long to share
 Their loves again so true,
 At home, sweet home,
 What joy to dream of home !

I dreamt I was at home,
 Though in a distant land,
 And vow'd I ne'er would roam
 Upon a foreign strand.
 They bless'd me with a sigh,
 And holy thought serene,
 That woke my tearful eye,
 And found it but a dream
 Of home, sweet home,
 What joy to dream of home !

TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED ?

SHAKESPEARE.]

[Music by BISHOP.]

TELL me where is fancy bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head ?
 How begot, how nourished ?
 Reply, reply.
 It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies ;
 Let us all ring fancy's knell ;
 I'll begin it—ding, dong, bell.

THE JOY OF THE MEAD-CUP.

T. OLIPHANT.]

[Music by JOHN THOMAS.

FILL, fill the bright mead-cup, and let it go round,
 Your voices attune to the harp's merry sound,
 Not boist'rous or rude let our revelry be,
 But softened by friendship, light-hearted and free.

CHORUS.

In summer or winter, in rain or in snow,
 In joy or in sorrow, in weal or in woe,
 Dear Cambria, to thee shall the mead-cup o'er-
 flow.

Fill, fill it again, boys, until it run o'er ;
 We'll toast in a bumper the girls we adore,
 And while, like this goblet, our sorrows they cheer,
 Ah ! ne'er may their bright eyes be dimm'd by a
 tear.

In summer or winter, &c.

Amid the dear scenes of our childhood and youth
 May virtue long flourish with freedom and truth ;
 And as we revisit each time-hallow'd spot,
 "The joy of the mead-cup" shall ne'er be forgot.
 In summer or winter, &c.

THE SILVER SWAN.

ROUND.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.]

[Music by ORLANDO GIBBONS.

THE silver swan who living had no note,
 When death approach'd unlock'd her silent throat,
 Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
 Thus sang her first and last, and sang no more ;—
 "Farewell all joys ! O ! Death, come close my eyes ;
 More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise !"

F 2

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN ?

[*Music by* HORSLEY.]

WHEN shall we three meet again ?
Oh ! when shall we three meet again ?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky ;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls ;
Still, in fancy's rich domain,
Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead ;
When, in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, power, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we three meet again.

PRETTY THINGS YOUNG LOVERS SAY.

J. OXENFORD.]

[*Music by* W. V. WALLACE.]

Two lovers sat on the green hill side,
Merrily pass the hours away ;
No jot they cared for the world so wide,
Would that the year were always May.
"Our hearts are bound," thus said the youth,
"By firmest bonds of love and truth,
Together we will live and die,
And in one grave we both shall lie."

Pretty things young lovers say,
Would that the year were always May.

An old man sat on the bare hill side,
Drearly pass the hours away ;
The leaves so yellow he sadly eyed,
Autumn will come as well as May.
“ Methinks,” he said, “ I once sat here,
And by me was a maiden dear ;
I see her smiling on me yet,
But oh, her name I quite forget.”
Pretty things young lovers say,
Would that the year were always May.

Two tombs were standing not side by side,
Swiftly the hours have passed away,
Between them tosses the ocean wide ;
Gone is December, gone is May.
The weary wights who sleep beneath,
Were strange in life, were strange in death,
But they were once that happy pair
Who talked of love when youth was fair.
Pretty things young lovers say,
Would that the year were always May.

SWEET NANCY PAGE AND I.

M. WATSON.]

[*Music by M. WATSON.*

WE lived and loved as little ones,
Did Nancy Page and I,
Unconscious of the fleeting hours
That then were passing by ;
We little thought, in our young hearts,
That youth like ours would die ;
But years roll'd on and still we loved,
Did Nancy Page and I.

One day it happen'd so to pass,
That Nancy Page and I
Were walking by the village church,
Recalling years gone by ;

I ask'd her then if she'd be mine ;
 And this was her reply :
 "I'm yours till death !" Oh, happy then,
 Were Nancy Page and I.

And since that day that made us one,
 No sorrow have we seen,
 Myself as happy as a king,
 And Nancy as a queen.
 And never from our humble home
 May peace and comfort fly,
 For happiest of the happy ones
 Are Nancy Page and I.

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS, OR THE BUGLE SONG.

ALFRED TENNTSON.]

[*Music by J. BLOCKLEY.*

THE splendour falls on castle walls,
 And snowy summits old in story,
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
 Blow, bugle—answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark ! oh, hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going ;
 Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying ;
 Blow, bugle—answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky !
 They faint on hill, on field, on river ;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying ;
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

OLD FRIENDSHIP'S SMILE.

E. FITZBALL.]

[*Music by W. V. WALLACE.*]

WHILE on my home once more I gaze,
From this how well remembered steep,
And dream the dream of early days,
Come, memory, with me weep.
How changed am I, yet how unchanged
Appears this tranquil view ;
The meads, the groves so often ranged,
Still smiling through the dew.

Still there the cotter's early fire,
Wreathing serene its column white,
Still there the old church dawnlit spire,
The warder's beacon light.
And thus when grief and adverse years
Leave nothing but a name,
Old friendship's smile, although in tears,
Will welcome us again.

WOULD YOU GAIN THE TENDER
CREATURE?[*Music by G. F. HANDEL.*]

WOULD you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her.
Suffering is the lover's part ;
Beauty by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing,
Lifeless charms without the heart.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

THOMAS MOORE.]

[*Air—"The fox's sleep."*]

WHEN he who adores thee has but left the name
Of his fault and his sorrow behind,
O say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the far
Of a life that for thee was resign'd ?

Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
For heav'n can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee !

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;
Every thought of my reason was thine :—
In my last humble prayer to the spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine !
Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live,
The days of thy glory to see ;
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee !

IT WAS TO BE.

G. LINLEY.]

[*Music* by G. LINLEY.]

It was to be—regret is vain—
Hope's dream hath pass'd away,
Like cliffs that have been rent in twain,
We're sever'd now for aye.
My heart, like some poor blighted rose
That withers on the tree,
Is left to brood o'er all its woes,
And perish loving thee.

It was to be—regret is vain—
Hope's dream hath pass'd away ;
Was this the fate reserved for me ?
Alas, it was to be !
I watch night's ling'ring shadows flee,
The hours wear darkly on ;
The morning hath no charms for me,
Now thy sweet smile is gone.

The timid bird in yonder grove
Still chants his lay once dear ;
But ah ! each note I used to love
Falls coldly on mine ear.

I weep for thee—regret is vain—
Hope's dream hath pass'd away ;
Was this the fate reserved for me ?
Alas, it was to be !

WHO WOULD NOT BE A GIPSY FREE ?

G. J. O. ALLMAN.]

[*Music by* ALEX. LEE.]

Who would not be a gipsy free ?
Unfetter'd each thought, each whim ;
Ah ! who would not roam through the merry green-
wood
With bounding step like him ?
Is the wind more free than the gipsy's foot ?
It can roam wherever it will,
Though the wind blow east or the wind blow west,
Oh, free is the gipsy stil. !

He maketh his home 'neath the sheltering boughs,
Above him the clear blue sky ;
But his sleep is more sound and sweet
'Neath that leafy canopy.
He courts not state, nor honours, nor wealth,
He envies not, nor doth despond,
And so that he lives at his ease to-day,
He hath not a care beyond.
Then who would not be, &c.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

[T. MOORE.]

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking.

Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died ;
They were all that to life had entwined him ;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

DEAREST, THEN I'LL LOVE THEE MORE.

S. GLOVER.]

[*Music by S. GLOVER.*

YES, I'll love thee, oh, how dearly,
Words but faintly can express !

This fond heart beats too sincerely,
E'er in life to love you less !

No, my fancy never ranges,
Hopes like mine can never soar ;
If the love I cherish changes,
It will be to love thee more.

Though the world has many sorrows,
And perchance they may be ours,
Love from tears a brightness borrows,
Like the earth from summer showers.

We will share our grief and gladness,
In the future as of yore,
And in all your hours of sadness,
Dearest, then I'll love thee more.

Youth may pass, but ask not whether
When you're old I'll love as true ;
Shall we not grow old together,
And time's changes mark me too !

Life may cease, but then to heaven
Will my pure affection soar ;
Yet, when freed from earthly leaven,
Dearest, then I'll love thee more.

XARIFA.

J. G. LOCKHART.] [*Music* by MRS. ROBERT ARKWRIGHT.

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay your golden cushion
down ;

Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the
town ;

From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpet's
lordly blowing ;

And banners bright from lattice light are waving
everywhere,

And the tall, tall plume of the bridegroom floats
proudly in the air.

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay your golden cushion down,
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the
town.

Arise, arise, Xarifa, arise, I see Andalla's face,
He bends him to the people with a calm and princely
grace,

Through all the lands of Xeres, and banks of Guadal-
quiver,

Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and
lovely ? never ;

Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow of azure mix'd
with white,

I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-
night.

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay your golden cushion down,
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the
town.

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her golden cushion
 down,
 Nor came she to the window to gaze with all the
 town ;—
 And tho' her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her
 fingers strove,
 And tho' her needle press'd the silk, no flow'r Xarifa
 wove ;
 One lovely rose-bud she had trac'd before the noise
 grew nigh,
 That rose-bud now a tear effaced slow dropping from
 her eye.
 "No, no," she cries, "bid me not rise, nor lay my
 golden cushion down,
 To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing town."
 What aileth thee, Xarifa, what makes thy lovely eyes
 look down ?
 Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all
 the town ?
 Hark ! hear the trumpets how they swell, and how
 the people cry.—
 He stops at Zara's palace-gates ;—why sit ye still, oh,
 why ?
 At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate : in him shall I dis-
 cover
 The dark eyed youth pledg'd me his truth, and was
 my lover.
 "No, no," she cries, "I will not rise, nor lay my
 golden cushion down,
 To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing town."

DEAR NATIVE ISLE.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

[Music by W. HAYESHAFF.]

DEAR native isle, the summer's sun is glowing
 O'er thy wide vales in calm tranquillity ;
 — on thy blue hills the cool fresh breeze is blowing,
 Making to the soul of health and liberty.

Dear native isle,—
Dear to me,
Thou'lt ever be,
My own native isle.

Dear native isle, the days of childhood glided,
In thy calm bosom peacefully away ;
There when the storms of life have all subsided,
In safety moor'd my little bark shall stay.

Dear native isle,—
Dear to me,
Thou'lt ever be,
My own native isle.

THE ARAB.

S. LOVER.]

[*Music by S. LOVER.*

THE noontide blaze on the desert fell,
As the traveller reached the wish'd-for well ;
But vain was the hope that had cheered him on,
His hope in the desert—the waters were gone.

Fainting, he called on the Holy Name,
And swift o'er the desert an Arab came,
And with him he brought of the blessed thing,
That failed the poor traveller at the spring.

"Drink !" said the Arab—"tho' I must fast,
For half of my journey is not yet past,
'Tis long ere my home and my children I see,
But the crystal treasure I'll share with thee."

"Nay," said the weary one, "let me die,
For thou hast even more need than I ;
And children hast thou that are watching for thee,
And I am a lone one—none watch for me."

"Drink !" said the Arab ; "my children shall see
Their father returning ;—fear not for me :—
For He who hath sent me to thee this day
Will watch over me on my desert way !"

TRUE LOVE.

ANDREW PARK.]

[Music by JOHN SINCLAIR.

THERE is a lovely brilliant star
Attends the moon on high,
And seems to guide her shining car,
In beauty through the sky :
So true love leads my trusting heart
For ever on to thee ;
'Twill be as hard for us to part,
So dear thou art to me.
So true love, &c.

I knew thee first in early years,
When earth seem'd strewn with flowers ;
When hope was unalloyed by fears,
And sunshine crown'd the hours ;
'Mong festal halls of mirth and song,
That win the soul from care,
To me such scenes were dull and long,
If thou, love, wert not there.
So true love, &c.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

HON. MRS. NORTON.]

[Music by HON. MRS. NORTON.

OH, slumber thou my darling,
Though stormy seas we brave !
The land that rock'd thy cradle,
We leave beyond the wave,
Another home we crave.
My tears, my tears are falling,
And thou, too young to know
How much in all my grieving
Thou hast thy share of woe.
Thou know'st not that the mother
Who rocks thee on her knee,
Is weeping for the father
Who hath forsaken thee !

But slumber thou, my lone one,
On this aching breast,
The heaving of its sorrow
Shall lull my babe to rest.
Sleep, sleep, slumber soft, my child.

Oh, lone, unconscious dear one,
When thou a man shalt be,
And far away in England
Thy father's face shalt see,
Bid him remember me!
And say when winds were raging
And dashed wild and high,
In lurid darkness shrouded
I fear'd not then to die!
With patient heart I waited
The will of heaven above,
Life's value had departed
The day I lost his love.
My arms around thee folding,
On thee I fixed my gaze,
The one dear link remaining
To home and happy days.
Sleep, sleep, slumber soft, my child.

YES, WE WILL MEET.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by T. A. RAWLINGS.]

YES, we will meet as the coldest have met—
Yes, we will part with no sigh of regret;
Oh! if those eyes dare to look upon me,
Why should I shrink from a meeting with thee?

Come with the smile of a saint on thy brow,
Come with the friends who are dear to thee now;
If in my soul lurks no thought of deceit,
Say, is it I that should blush when we meet?

WHEN TIME, WHO STEALS OUR YEARS AWAY.

[T. MOORE.]

WHEN time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
Shall fill the wintry air,
Remembrance will recall the hour
When thou alone wert fair.

Then talk no more of future gloom,
Our joys will always last,
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past.

Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to love and thee :
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young to me.

And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
Which sorrow leaves behind.

Then fill the bowl, away with gloom,
Our joys shall always last ;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past.

But mark, at thought of future years,
When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl.

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet !
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet.
Then fill the bowl, &c.

TURN ON, OLD TIME.

EDWARD FITZBALL.]

[*Music by W. V. WALLACE.*

TURN on, old Time, thine hour-glass,
The sand of life why stay ?
Quick ; let the gold-grain'd moments pass,
'Tis they all debts must pay.
Of what avail are grief and tears,
Since life which came must go ?
And brief the longest tide of years,
As waves that ebb and flow.

Stay, fleeting Time, thine hour-glass,
The tide of life, oh, stay,
Nor let the golden moments pass
Like worthless sand away.
For him, oh, be there many years,
Apart from ev'ry woe,
The blue serene which heaven wears,
When waves scarce ebb and flow.

Despite, old Time, thine hour-glass,
Turn quickly as it may,
His sand of life not yet shall pass
If he my wish obey.
Of life there are full happy years,
If well the die we throw,
For May-day smiles and autumn tears
Are waves that ebb and flow.

COME, SMILE AGAIN!**E. J. GILL.]****[Music by W. V. WALLACE.]**

COME, smile again! as though our years
Had been one path of sun and light;
So fresh with joy, undimmed by tears,
Where all had been, like thee, most bright.
Some withered leaves will drop around
In summer and with sunshine fair,
And yet thou weep'st because we've found
Amid joy's flowers one drooping there.

I would but ask how many days
Have left sweet memories o'er thy mind!
And yet so bright the future plays,
We need not cast one look behind.
As evening sunbeams o'er the west,
Look back with grief when parting there,
We'll let some joy thus sink to rest,
And hope for one more bright and fair.

MY SISTER DEAR.**GEORGE SOANE, B.A.]****[Music by AUBER.]**

MY sister dear, o'er this rude cheek
Oft I've felt the tear-drop stealing,
When those mute looks have told the feeling
Heaven denied thy tongue to speak;
And thou hadst comfort in that tear,
Shed for thee, my sister dear!

And now, alas, I weep alone,
By thee, my youth's dear friend, forsaken,
'Mid thoughts that darken'd fears awaken,
Trembling for thy fate unknown:
And vainly flows the bitter tear,
Shed for thee, my sister dear!

OH ! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.'

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Thady, you gander."

OH ! 'tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear ;
And that when we're far from the lips we love,

We have but to make love to the lips we are near.
The heart, like a tendril accusom'd to cling,

Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone ;
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing

It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
Then, oh ! what pleasure where'er we rove,

To be doom'd to find something still that is dear,
And to know when far from the lips we love,

We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flow'rs around us rise,

To make light of the rest, if the rose be not there ;
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,

'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.

Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,

They're both of them bright, but they're changeable
too ;

And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,

It will tincture love's plume with a different hue.

Then, oh ! what pleasure where'er we rove,

To be doom'd to find something still that is dear,

And to know, when far from the lips we love,

We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

EACH BOWER HAS BEAUTY FOR ME.

T. H. BAYLY.]

Music by ALEX. LEE.

EACH bower has beauty for me,

There's a charm in each blossom that blows,

And if absent the lily should be,

I shall do very well with the rose ;

And if roses are not in the way
I'll fly to a hyacinth soon,
And I never will quarrel with May
For wanting the roses of June.
No ! no ! 'tis my pleasure to chase
Each pretty bud under the sun ;
Why should I insult the whole race
By a silly selection of one ?

I love each exotic that deigns
In a climate like this to expand ;
And my heart its affection retains
For the bloom of my dear native land ;
In summer's gay mansions I dwell,
And since summer so soon will be past,
Though I love her first bud very well,
I have love in reserve for her last.
Yes, yes, 'tis my pleasure, &c.

SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

SHAKESPEARE.]

[*Music* by HAYDN. .

SHE never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

ROLAND THE BRAVE.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.]

[*Music* by MRS. ROBERT ARKWRIGHT.

THE brave Roland ! the brave Roland !
False tidings reach'd the Rhenish strand
That he had fall'n in fight :
And thy faithful bosom swoon'd with pain,
Oh, loveliest maiden of Allémayne,
For the loss of thine own true knight.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil
In yon Nonnenwerder's cloister's pale ?
For her vow had scarce been sworn,
And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,
When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung,
'Twas her own dear warrior's horn.

Woe ! woe ! each heart shall bleed, shall break !
She would have hung upon his neck,
Had he come back but yester even ;
And he had clasped those peerless charms
That shall never, never fill his arms,
Or meet him but in heav'n.

Yet Roland the brave, Roland the true,
He could not bid that spot adieu ;
It was dear still midst his woes ;
For he lov'd to breathe the neighb'ring air,
And to think she blest him in her pray'r
When the hallelujah rose.

She died ! he sought the battle plain ;
Her image fill'd his dying brain,
When he fell, and wished to fall :
And her name was in his latest sigh,
When Roland the flower of chivalry
Expired at Ronceval.

THE TIGER COUCHES IN THE WOOD.

CHORUS.

D. TERRY.]

[*Music by* SIR H. R. BISHOP.

THE tiger couches in the wood,
And waits to shed the trav'ler's blood,
And so couch we.
We spring upon him to supply
What men to our wants deny,
And so springs he.

THE BUSHRANGER'S HOME.

H. LESLIE.]

[Music by H. LESLIE.]

LEAVE behind each idle sorrow,
Dry that flowing tear,
Home will be forgot to-morrow,
Life is gloomy here !
Blue the sky above our heads,
Soft as down our mossy beds,
Ever sweet the wild wind sheds,
O'er the bushranger's home !
Then hasten to join our merry band,
Come, be the queen of our forest land ;
We'll loyally kiss that fairy hand,
In the bushranger's home !

Merrily through nature's dwelling
Your sweet voice will float ;
I shall love your wild strains swelling
As the song-bird's note ;
Ours a life no law can bind,
Free as air our wayward mind,
Yet the heart is true and kind,
In the bushranger's home !
Then hasten to join our merry band,
Come, be the queen of our forest land ;
We'll loyally kiss that fairy hand,
In the bushranger's home !

HOPE DEFERRED.

HENRY LOVELL.]

[Music by N. J. SPORLE.]

FULL many griefs the past has found to crush the
blighted heart,
And time alone can heal the wound that rankles from
the dart ;
But there is yet a deeper grief than those the past
hath stirred,
It is whene'er the sicken'd heart is racked by hope
deferred.

With every coming dawn our eye will turn its weary
 gaze,
 And fashion, out of hopeless things, the form for which
 it stays.
 It cometh not ! it cometh not ! deep sorrow in that
 word,
 Whene'er the mourner's sicken'd heart is rack'd by
 hope deferred.

THE ONLY CHILD.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by J. P. KNIGHT

I WOULD I had a sister,
 For I feel myself alone—
 A silent lute without a hand
 To wake its soothing tone ;
 A bird without its tender mate,
 A bough wrenched from a tree ;
 Yes, these and all things desolate,
 Are types, alas ! of me !
 I cannot laugh as others laugh,
 With none to share my mirth ;
 I pine alone, for in my mind
 No pleasant thoughts have birth.
 I've often turn'd away to weep,
 Where others sat and smiled ;
 For oh, it is a cheerless thing
 To be an only child !

I have a gentle mother,
 She is very kind to me ;
 A father, whose delight is still
 My youthful form to see ;
 But yet they treat me as their child,
 When o'er my form they bend ;
 But one I feel to want, at once
 The sister and the friend,
 Such as I often meet in those
 Who seem so light and glad,

Whose very mirth and cheerfulness
It is that makes me sad.

I love my parents, who so oft
My sorrows have beguiled ;
But still it seems a cheerless thing
To be an only child !

I wish I had a sister
Who could kneel with me in pray'r,
Whose little griefs I could assuage,
With whom my joys to share ;
Who still would linger by my side,
When slighter friends had flown,
Whose sighs and tears, whose hopes and fears,
Were shared with me alone.
I should be more the child, and less
The thoughtful girl than now ;
For happy would the days pass by
And bright would be my brow.
I then should seem as others seem,
As happy and as wild ;
But now I own a lonely heart,
And am an only child !

HARK ! THE GODDESS DIANA.

HARK ! the goddess Diana
Calls aloud for the chase !
Bright Phœbus awakens the morn !
Rouse ! rouse from your slumber,
And for hunting prepare,
For the huntsman is winding his horn !
See—the hounds are unkennell'd,
And all ripe for the chase,
They start to o'ertake the fleet hare !
All danger they're scorning,
And for hunting preparing ;
To the field, then, brave boys, let's repair !

THE MINSTREL OF THE TYROL.

J. B. PHILIPS.]

[Music by HENRY RUSSELL.

FROM his mountain land, with his harp in hand,

Came a minstrel youth right merrily ;

And he sang the lays of his boyhood days,

When the light of hope shone cheerily.

He sang the tales of his native vales,

And of his father's bravery ;

Then with pride he told how his kinsmen bold

Fell nobly, ere yield to slav'ry.

Oh ! from his mountain land, with harp in hand,

Came a minstrel youth right merrily ;

And he sang the lays of his boyhood days,

When the light of hope shone cheerily.

'Mid a gallant throng did that son of song

Tune his harp, but not so merrily ;

For his thoughts would roam to his distant home,

To the green hills smiling cheerily.

With trembling hand, of his fatherland

He sang with such deep emotion ;

And a tear-drop came as he breath'd the name

Of the maid of his soul's devotion.

Oh ! 'mid a gallant throng did that son of song

Tune his harp, but not so merrily ;

For his thoughts would roam to his distant home,

To the green hills smiling cheerily.

I AM WEARY.

LADY DUFFERIN.]

[Music by LADY DUFFERIN.

I AM weary ! I am weary of the green earth and the
sun,They are joyful things to look upon when life is but
begun !In the young days, when a flower's breath or wild
bird's thrilling tone,

Or the sweet, fresh air of heaven, were happiness alone !

I am weary! I am weary! but the long night comes
 at last!
 And the sleep that brings no 'wild'ring dreams, no
 voices from the past!
 The peaceful sleep! when yain regrets and vainer
 hopes are o'er,
 And the looks and tones of other days shall haunt my
 soul no more!
 But the green earth in its beauty hath a mournful
 look to me,
 And a dream of sadness dwells within the voice of
 stream and tree;
 Gone are the kindly looks that made my home a
 paradise!
 Oh, the glorious sunshine is not worth the light of
 loving eyes!
 Who calls thee lone and dark, thou grave! thou art
 the quiet home,
 The holy tryst where parted friends shall meet no
 more to roam!
 Where the sad ones left on this dim earth their long
 lost dead shall see;
 Not lone! Oh no, my well beloved, ye will be there
 with me!

THE FALLING STAR.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music by LOVER.*

[It is believed that a wish expressed while we see a star falling is fulfilled.]

I SAW a star that was falling,
 I wish'd the wish of my soul,
 My heart on its influence calling
 To shed all its gentle control.
 Hope whisper'd my wish would be granted,
 And Fancy soon waved her bright wand,
 My heart in sweet ecstasy panted,
 At the visions were smiling beyond.

Oh ! like the meteors,—sweeping,
Thro' darkness their luminous way,
Are the pleasures too worthless for keeping,
As dazzling, but fleeting as they.

I saw a star that was beaming,
Steady and stilly and bright,
Unwearied its sweet watch 'twas seeming
To keep through the darkness of night :
Like those two stars in the heaven
Are the joys that are false and are true,
I felt as a lesson 'twas given,
And thought, my own true love, of you.
When I saw the star that was beaming,
Steady and stilly and bright,
Unwearied its sweet watch 'twas seeming
To keep through the darkness of night.

I WILL KISS THEE INTO REST.

[LORD BYRON.]

THIS rose, to calm my brother's cares,
A message from the bulbul bears ;
It says, to-night he will prolong,
For Selim's ear, his sweetest song ;
And though his note is somewhat sad,
He'll try, for once, a strain more glad ;
With some faint hope his altered lay,
May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

What ! not receive my foolish flower ;
Nay, then I am indeed unblest :
On me, can thus thy forehead lower,
And know'st thou not who loves thee best ?
Oh ! Selim, dear, oh, more than dearest,
Say, is it I thou hat'st or fearest ?
Come lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest.

MARION'S SONG.

CLARIBEL.]

[Music by CLARIBEL.

ONCE in the cool of early morn,
The lark was singing aloud,
Like a king in state he was high upborne,
His throne was a crimson cloud ;
While thro' the air his song was ringing,
Came the sweet sound of Marion's singing,
The echoes listened and caught the strain,
I heard them singing the song again.

Then in the turf the violet sweet
Look'd up at the music rare,
The sunbeams crept to my darling's feet,
And worship'd the singer there.
The lark came down from his cloud to hear her,
The linnet flew up to a briar near her,
The dew-drops clung to her garment's hem,
She sings not now for any of them.

Angels who sing in the heav'ns above
Bent over their harps and smiled ;
For me their love was a cruel love,
They robb'd me of my child.
In vain may the lark and linnet listen,
In vain may the sun on the dew-drops glisten,
Now Marion sings to them never,
The angels will keep her for ever.

THE EXILE'S DREAM.

LANGTON WILLIAMS.]

[Music by L. WILLIAMS.

RECITATION.

FAR from the cherished country of his birth,
The exile sleeps beneath a foreign sky ;
He dreams—and fancy on her fairy wings
Has borne him back to days, long, long pass'd by.

AIR.

He sees again his childhood's happy home
(The sweet abode of calmness and content),
And hears the voices of those early friends,
With whom life's first and brightest hours were spent.

He feels the breezes from his native hills
Fanning his cheek, as they were wont of yore,
And all the vanish'd hopes of youthful days,
Come back to him, in that fair dream, once more.

He hears again the well-known battle-cry,
That call'd him forth to join the true and brave
Who in the strife, e'en nobly dared to die,
From tyrant's pow'r their fatherland to save.

But when the east proclaims returning day,
The exile wakes—and that bright vision's gone :
" 'Twas thus," he sighs, " that all my glitt'ring hopes,
Like fleeting dreams, have faded one by one."

THE THRASHER.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[Music by DIBDIN.]

CAN any king be half so great,
So kind, so good as I ?

I give the hungry food to eat,
And liquor to the dry.

My labour's hard ; but still 'tis sweet,
And easy to endure ;

For, while I go to thrash the wheat,
I comfort rich and poor.

And I merrily sing, as I swing round the flail,
My reward, when work's over, a jug of brown ale.

If from wheat the bread is born,
Our miseries to cheer,
'Tis merry Sir John Barleycorn
Supplies us with the beer.

Besides, while thus I thrash the corn,
 Our pleasures to insure,
 I for my neighbour's good was born
 A baker and a brewer ;
 For I bake and I brew, as I swing round my flail,
 To provide them with bread and a mug of brown ale.

'Tis for myself, when all is said,
 I work thus with such glee ;
 For if for others I make bread,
 My labour's bread to me.
 For other mouths I must provide,
 My children must be fed ;
 My wife, and some sick friend beside,
 Who cannot earn his bread.
 With these notions I merrily swing round my flail,
 My reward, when work's over, a mug of brown ale.

And when my mortal race is run,
 All toil and labour vain,
 A jolly thrasher shall my son
 His crazy dad maintain.
 Thus will I work, and laugh, and sing,
 And at my thrashing toil ;
 Unless I'm called on by my king
 To guard my native soil ;
 Then, accustom'd to thrashing, I'll swing round the
 flail,
 And thrash the proud foe, to secure my brown ale.

THE LISTENING MOTHER.

HAMILTON AIDE.]

[*Music by Miss V. GABRIEL.*

A GIRL and her blind old mother
 Sat under the sea-cliffs white—
 "What is that sound I hear, lassie ?
 Is there ever a sail in sight ?"

"There is never a sail in sight, mother,
And the only sound I hear,
Is the sea-mew's cry on the lonely shore,
And the hoarse waves murmuring near."

They went through the woods together,
Under the shine and shade;
"Hear you ne'er a horse's hoof, lassie,
Riding a-down the glade?"
"There is never a horse's hoof, mother;
But under the branching trees,
And over the bracken a-down the glade,
Come the steps of the evening breeze."

They stood on a plain wide stretching,
And the night closed round them fast;
"He is coming, coming, lassie!
And I hear his voice at last!"
The spirit straightway answer'd,
That angel's call o'erhead,
For while the girl stood listening,
The mother's spirit had fled.

THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

HER mouth, which a smile
Devoid of all guile,
Half opens to view,
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
Than the flow'r-scented heath,
At the dawning of day—
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

MARAQUITA.

HON. MRS. NORTON.]

[*Music* by HON. MRS. NORTON.]

WHEREFORE, dearest, my suit denying,
Through days fast flying of hope and youth,
Cloud my hours with frequent sighing,
Proudly scorning my fervent truth ?
Wherefore teach me to doubt and fear thee ?
Through thine eyelids love shineth now,—
Oh ! bend thou near me, that I may hear thee
Swear to love me, and keep thy vow.
Maraquita !—Maraquita !—ay !—ay !

Oh ! then when passion and youth are over,
Though bloom and beauty may fade away ;
On dove-like pinions shall mem'ry hover,
And fondly hallow this bygone day ;
Words long since spoken shall still deliver
The echoed sweetness of love's dear tone,
And float like music o'er life's wide river,
Thro' sunsets bright as the sunrise gone.
Maraquita !—Maraquita !—ay !—ay !

THE VETERAN'S SON.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.]

OH ! weep not that I leave the shore,
Dear mother, for the raging sea ;
The fame my father won of yore,
Why should it not be shared by me ?
Remember 'tis my country's call—
Then where our banners proudly wave
I'll bravely stand, or nobly fall
In glory's field—in honour's grave !
Then weep not that I leave the shore,
Dear mother, for the raging sea ;
The fame my father won of yore,
Why should it not be shared by me ?

The quiet of thy peaceful cot
I lov'd—but 'twas in boyhood's days—
Dear mother, tell me, have I not
The courage you were wont to praise !
Too long my father's sword hath lain
To tell but of some olden fight ;
But I must gird it on again
In honour's cause to guard the right !
Then weep not that I leave the shore,
Dear mother, for the raging sea ;
The fame my father won of yore,
Why should it not be shared by me !

THE BRITISH NAVY.

HAIL to the flag ! the gallant flag, Britannia's proudest
boast,
Her herald o'er the distant sea, the guardian of her
coast ;
Where'er 'tis spread, on field or flood, the blazonry of
fame,
And Britons hail its mastery, with shouts of loud
acclaim.

Hail to the flag ! the gallant flag, in battle or in blast,
Whether 'tis hoisted at the peak, or nail'd to splinter'd
mast ;
Though rent by service or by shot, all tattered it may be,
Old England's tars shall still maintain its dread
supremacy.

Hail to the flag ! the gallant flag, that Nelson proudly
bore,
When hostile banners waved aloft amid the cannon's
roar ;
When France and Spain in unison the deadly battle
close,
And deeper than its own red hue—the vital current
flows.

Hail to the flag! the gallant flag, for it is victory's
 own,
 Though Trafalgar re-echoes still the hero's dying groan;
 The Spaniards dowsed their jaundiced rag on that
 eventful day,
 And Gallic eagles humbly crouched, acknowledging
 our sway.

Hail to the flag! the gallant flag! come, hoist it once
 again,
 And show the haughty nations round our throne is on
 the main;
 Our ships are crowns and sceptres, whose titles have
 no flaw,
 And legislators are our guns—dispensing cannon law.
 Once more, then, hail the gallant flag, the seaman's
 honest pride,
 Who loves to see it flaunt the breeze, and o'er the ocean
 ride:
 Like the genius of his country, 'tis ever bold and free;
 And he will prove where'er it flies, we're sovereign of
 the sea.

WIT AND BEAUTY.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

As Wit and Beauty, for an hour,
 The other day were jarring,
 Which held o'er man superior power,
 They almost came to sparring:
 Cried Reason,—Wit, you're grown a fool;
 You look quite ugly, Beauty;
 Come, take me with you, both be cool,
 Sure mortals know their duty;
 To them submit,
 Whether 'tis Wit
 They most admire, or Beauty.

So said, so done, out they both set,
With Reason to protect 'em ;
Resolv'd, that the first men they met
Should to the truth direct 'em.
Instant they asked a midnight throng,
Who to Bacchus paid their duty ;
Wit, cried out they, teems in our song,
But 'tis inspired by Beauty !
Learn wisdom, Wit,
Like us, submit
To the sweet power of Beauty.

Cried Wit, No tricks on travellers here,
I saw you smile, you gipsy ;
'Twas bribery and corruption clear,
Besides the rogues were tipsy :
Yon bard the truth will quickly hit,—
Come, Poet, do your duty ;
Do you not owe your fame to Wit ?
To Wit, tool ! no, to Beauty.
Adieu to Wit,
When men submit
To be the slaves of Beauty.

Quaint rogue, with his satiric page,
The fellow is a lover :
If I'm condemned by yonder sage,
I'll give the matter over.
Didst not the world, say, Hermit, quit,
Imposing this hard duty,
Better to contemplate on Wit ?
No,—to reflect on Beauty.
Then, in fond fit,
He turned from Wit,
And squeezed the hand of Beauty.

Wit rules the mind, Beauty the heart,
Friend one, and wite the other ;
Thus, cleaving to the better part,
Men leave friend, father, brother ;

Hence, cried the sage, my presence quit,
 Adieu, friend, know thy duty ;
 Then, shutting rude the door on Wit,
 Was left alone with Beauty.
 Since when, poor Wit,
 Glad to submit,
 Has owned the power of Beauty.

WHEN WOMAN PLIGHTS HER TROTH.

B. McMURRAY.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.]

WHEN woman plights her troth to him
 To whom her heart is given,
 And, to her fancy, homeliest scenes
 Seem tinged with hues of heaven ;
 Oh, how that happy time survives
 Through many an after year—
 Ling'ring with long-remember'd things,
 To sadden or to cheer !

Be mine that blissful hour to keep,
 From trace of care or woe,
 Enshrined amid those gladsome hopes
 So pure an hour should know !
 Nor gems I ask—nor rich attire—
 Nor wealth—nor high degree ;
 But, oh, the truthful, constant heart
 My bridal portion be !

THERE'S NO DECEIT IN WINE.

QUARTETTO.

[*Music* by WEBBS.]

THE mighty conqu'ror of hearts
 His power I here deny ;
 With all his flames, his fires, and darts,
 I champion-like defy.
 I'll offer all my sacrifice,
 Henceforth at Bacchus' shrine,
 The merry god ne'er tells us lies,
 There's no deceit in wine.

ONCE UPON MY CHEEK.

GLEE.

[Music by CALCOTT.]

ONCE upon my cheek he said the roses grew,
But now they're wash'd away with the cold ev'ning
dew ;
For I wander through the night, when all but me have
rest,
And the moon's soft beams fall piteously upon my
troubled breast.

SILENT RIVER.

RIVER ! that in silence windest
Thro' the meadows bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea !
Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watch'd thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflow'd me like a tide.
Ah ! thou hast taught me, silent river !
Many a lesson, deep and long ;
Thou hast been a gen'rous giver,
I can give thee but a song.
Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.
Friends with joy my soul remembers !
How like quiv'ring flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart !
Ah ! 'tis for this, thou silent river !
That my spirit leans to thee ;
Thou hast been a gen'rous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

QUEEN OF THE STARRY NIGHT.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by J. M. JOLLY.]

QUEEN of the starry night ! beautiful moon !
Lighting the forest and gilding the stream,
Dearer by far than the fulness of noon,
The silv'ry splendour that's shed by thy beam ;
Silently pouring thy radiance on earth,
Shedding a splendour where darkness would be,
Even the ruin sits smiling in mirth,
Robed in the glory it borrows from thee !

Queen of the silent realm ! empress of night !
Watcher of all that lies sleeping below ;
The waves, when they're bathed in thy silvery light,
Lovelier seem as they ripple and flow ;
Steeping the flowers in thy mystical beam,
Tinging the leaves of the tall forest tree,
Even the earth but a desert would seem,
But for the glory it borrows from thee ?
Shine on in thy splendour ! thou'rt heav'n's best boon,
Mystical—eloquent—beautiful moon !

PRAY FOR THOSE AT SEA.

HON. MRS. NORTON.]

[Music by HON. MRS. NORTON.]

OH, lone, and wide, and trackless,
Lies the waste and dreary main ;
By its waves dear friends are parted,
On its rocks are death and pain !
Where the long pale shores are gleaming,
What solemn thoughts may be !
Forgive the dead, the absent,
And pray for those at sea.

On land a taper burneth,
By the sick man's fevered bed,
By his side a woman kneeleth,
And in tears her prayers are said.

Her children slumber calmly,
Who orphans soon shall be ;
One son alone is absent,
Oh, pray for those at sea !

The wild north wind is wailing
O'er the drear and darkened land,
The waves are madly foaming,
As they roll towards the strand ;
In the crash and roar of tempests,
What helpless men may be !
Oh, kneel, for heaven is angry,
And pray for those at sea.

THE FAIRY BELL.

HON. MRS. NORTON.]

[*Music* by HON. MRS. NORTON.]

I DREAMT, 'twas but a dream, thou wert my bride, love !
I dreamt that we were wandering side by side, love !
I earth's happiest son—and thou her loveliest daughter,
While fairy bells came tinkling o'er the water,
Merrily, merrily it fell,
The echo of that fairy bell.

That vision pass'd away, and thou hast left me
To mourn the hopes thy falsehood hath bereft me ;
No more I claim thy promised hand,
No more in dreams I see thee stand,
While soft, sweet and low it fell,
The echo of that fairy bell.

Now when I'm musing, sad and lonely,
With but my harp and my remembrance only,
In vain as o'er those chords I bend,
One joyful note I try to send,
For sad, sad and changed they seem,
The fairy bells of that dear dream.

FLY FROM THE WORLD, O BESSY.

T. MOORE.]

[Irish air.]

FLY from the world, O Bessy ! to me ;
Thou wilt never find any sincerer ;
I'll give up the world, O Bessy ! for thee :
I can never meet any that's dearer !
Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
That our loves will be censur'd by many ;
All, all have their follies, and who will deny
That ours is the sweetest of any ?

When your lip has met mine in abandonment
sweet,
Have we felt as if virtue forbid it ?
Have we felt as if heaven denied them to meet !
No ! rather 'twas heaven that did it !
So innocent, love, is the pleasure we sip,
So little of guilt is there in it !
That I wish all my errors were lodged on your lip,
And I'd kiss them away in a minute.

Then come to your lover, oh ! fly to his shed,
From a world which I know thou despisest ;
And slumber will hover as light on our bed,
As e'er on the couch of the wisest !
And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,
And thou, pretty innocent, fearest,
I'll tell thee—"It is not the chiding of heaven,
'Tis only our lullaby, dearest !"

And, oh ! when we lie on our death-bed, my love,
Looking back on the scene of our errors,
A sigh from my Bessy shall plead them above,
And death be disarmed of his terrors !
And each to the other embracing will say,
"Farewell ! let us hope we're forgiv'n !"
Thy last fading glance shall illumine the way,
And a kiss be our passport to heaven !

THE GIPSY'S LAUGHING SONG.

W. JONES.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

WHAT a merry life we gipsies lead,
Who rove 'neath the greenwood tree,
No care we know, no law we heed,
But wander gay and free.

By the sloping wood where the wild deer bound,
Are the tents of the wandering gipsy found ;
By the sparkling fire we'll gaily quaff,
The song we'll troll, and merrily, merrily laugh.
We'll laugh ha, ha, ha !

I am your king, ye joyous band,
Then raise for me each voice and hand,
May many a night like this be spent,
With the gipsy band in the gipsies' tent !
Then by the sparkling fire, &c.

I HAVE LEFT MY QUIET HOME.

HON. MRS. NORTON.]

[*Music* by HON. MRS. NORTON.]

I HAVE left my quiet home
With thee through the world to roam,
All was not so dear as thou,
Do not frown upon me now.
Far away my mother keeps
Vigil in her lonely cot,
And gazing from the lattice, weeps
To think upon my wandering lot.

Tell me not I am to blame,
That I am no more the same ;
Changed in form I well may be,
But I never changed to thee !
True, my rosy bloom is past,
Worn with many a sense of ill,
And my cheek is fading fast,
But my heart is faithful still.

I AM NOT WHAT I SEEM.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by J. P. KNIGHT.]

You deem me cold and heartless,
You think I cannot feel,
Because with smiles I greet you,
And graver thoughts conceal ;
But though I seem so happy,
And bask in pleasure's beam,
Ask those who know me better ;—
I am not what I seem.
'Tis not the gayest features
That marks the brightest lot ;
The one you deem so happy
Has loved—and been forgot.

When no gay friends are near me
To praise my harp's sweet tone,
The eye you see so beaming
Oft weeps, and weeps alone ;
'Tis pride that strives to conquer
That futile, idle dream ;
'Tis scorn that makes me careless ;—
I am not what I seem.
I only strive to banish
The past—but I cannot ;
The one you deem so happy
Has loved—and been forgot.

THE BUTTERFLY WAS A GENTLE-
MAN.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[Music by ALEX. LEE.]

THE butterfly was a gentleman,
Of no very good repute ;
And he roved in the sunshine all day long
In his scarlet and purple suit ;

And he left his lady-wife at home
In her own secluded bower,
Whilst he, like a bachelor, flirted about
With a kiss for every flower.

His lady-wife was a poor glow-worm,
And seldom from home she'd stir ;
She loved him better than all the world,
Though little he cared for her.
Unheeded she passed the day—she knew
Her lord was a rover then ;
But, when night came on, she lighted her lamp
To guide him over the glen.

One night the wanderer homeward came,
But he saw not the glow-worm's ray ;
Some wild bird saw the neglected one,
And flew with her far away ;
Then beware, ye butterflies all, beware,
If to you such a time should come ;
Forsaken by wandering lights, you'll wish
You had cherished the lamp at home.

GIVE ME A FACE THAT MAKES SIMPLICITY A GRACE.

[BEN JONSON.]

STILL to be neat, still to be dressed
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed,
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet—all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,
Such sweet neglect more pleaseth me
Than all the adulteries of art,—
They strike my eye, but not my heart.

THE FARMER'S SON.

[ANONYMOUS, 1800.]

Good people, give attention, while I do sing in praise
Of the happy situation we were in in former days ;
When my father kept a farm, and my mother milk'd
her cow,

How happily we lived then to what we do now !

When my mother she was knitting, my sister she would
spin,

And by their good industry they kept us neat and clean ;
I rose up in the morning, with my father went to
plough,—

How happily we lived then to what we do now !

My brother gave assistance in tending of the sheep ;
When tired with our labour, how contented we could
sleep !

Then early in the morning we again set out to plough,—
How happily we lived then to what we do now !

Then to market with the fleece, when the little herd
were shorn,

And our neighbours we supplied with a quantity of
corn ;

For half-a-crown a bushel we would sell it then, I vow,—
How happily we lived then to what we do now !

I never knew at that time, go search the country round,
That butter ever sold for more than four-pence per
pound,

And a quart of new milk for a penny from the cow,—
How happily we lived then to what we do now !

How merry would the farmers then sing along the road,
When wheat was sold at market for five pounds a load !
They'd drop into an alehouse, and drink "God speed
the plough,"—

How happily we lived then to what we do now !

A blessing to the squire, for he gave us great content,
And well he entertain'd us when my father paid his
rent ;

With flagons of good ale he'd drink, " Farmer, speed
the plough,"—

How happily we lived then to what we do now !

At length the squire died, sir—oh, bless his ancient
pate !—

Another fill'd with pride came as heir to the estate ;
He took my father's farm away, and others too, I vow,
Which brought us to the wretched state that we are
in now.

May Providence befriend us, and raise some honest
heart

The poor for to disburden, who long have felt the
smart ;

To take the larger farms and divide them into ten,
That we may live as happy now as we did then.

THE GOLDEN LUCY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by JOHN BLOCKLEY.]

["I see the golden hair and the innocent face now, between
me and the driving clouds, like an angel going to fly away."—
CHARLES DICKENS'S "*Wreck of the Golden Mary*."]]

THE *Golden Mary* sailed from port,

A vessel stanch and true ;

No bark a braver captain owned,

None e'er a braver crew ;

Forth from their native land she bore,

Across the ocean wild,

An exile band, and 'mid them stood

A bright-eyed fairy child.

They deemed no harm could ever come

To one so pure and fair,

And they called her "Golden Lucy,"

With her waving, sunny hair.

The *Golden Mary* proudly stemmed
The trackless waves afar,
And all, the "Golden Lucy" deemed
To be their guiding star ;
But darkness came—the storm swept by,
And 'mid the tempest wild
The bark was wreck'd—but none more brave
Than that pure lovely child.
No laud in sight, for days and days
They drifted o'er the tide ;
And they watch'd poor "Golden Lucy,"
They watch'd her till she died.

'Twas at the midwatch of the night
They laid her in the deep,
And even there her spirit seemed
Its watch o'er them to keep ;
For 'twixt them and the driving clouds,
An angel pure and fair
Seemed looking with a radiant smile,
And Lucy's shining hair.
To list'ning ears now oft they tell,
That crew so true and brave,
How the lovely "Golden Lucy"
Shared the *Golden Mary's* grave.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.

G. H. FRENCH.]

[Music by INGLIS BEEVON.]

In battle's field, 'mid cannons' roar,
A brave young soldier's there,
Defending nobly with his sword,
His country's colours dear !
"Still, still fight on !" the warriors cry,
Till night o'ershades the day ;
Then, in redoubt, on knapsack rough,
The tired soldier lay.

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Old England's the soil where no foeman can stand,
 And a part of that land is each deck
 Of her ships that with true-hearted sailors are manned,
 Who will fight while there's left but a wreck ;
 They must eat their foul words who thus bully and
 boast,
 Or we know how to wipe out the stains,
 For we'll stand by our flag and our dear native coast,
 While a shot in the locker remains.

Then hurrah ! boys, hurrah !
 If the cry must be "war,"
 Whoever our foeman may be,
 While there's left but a rag
 Of the old British flag,
 There are none shall insult it at sea.

MERRILY OVER THE OCEAN:

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT

MERRILY, merrily over the ocean

Bound, gallant bark, like a bird o'er the sea ;

Oh ! for a breeze to give speed to thy motion,

To bear me to one who is watching for me :

• Stately and slow when you, outward bound, glided,

Fair and majestic I deemed thee, proud ship,

As loathing to leave where my loved one abided,

Now—thou shouldst fly like a hound from the slip !

Merrily, &c.

Merrily, merrily—faster and faster,—

Oh ! hadst thou life, as thou seem'st to have wings,
 How wouldst thou fly at the word of thy master,

But thou must wait till the western wind springs ;

Far tho' the isle where my loved one's reposing,

Soon we shall enter its beautiful bay :—

The breeze freshens now as the daylight is closing,—

It fills the white sails—we're away, boys, away !

Merrily, merrily over the ocean

Bound, gallant bark, like a bird o'er the sea ;
The breeze freshens now and gives speed to thy motion,
Oh ! bear me to her who is waiting for me !

OVER THE BOUNDING WATERS.

G. LINLEY.]

[Music by LINLEY.]

OVER the bounding waters,
Speed, gallant bark, away !
Fleet as the fleetest falcon,
Dash through the foam and spray.
The breeze is strong, ev'ry sail is set,
The shore fades from our sight,
And soon nor mark or sign we'll leave-
To track our vessel's flight.

Bark ! with thy pennant streaming,
Mann'd by the brave and free,
Well may'st thou bear thee proudly,
Over the dark blue sea.
The land's no place for the rover bold,
His home is on the main ;
No joy he knows till we pace the deck
Of his gallant bark again.

OH, STEER MY BARK TO ERIN'S ISLE.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[Music by S. NELSON.]

OH, I have roamed o'er many lands,
And many friends I've met !
Not one fair scene or kindly smile
Can this fond heart forget.
But I'll confess that I'm content,
No more I wish to roam,
Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,
For Erin is my home.

In Erin's isle there's manly hearts,
 And bosoms pure as snow,
 In Erin's isle there's right good cheer,
 And hearts that ever flow.
 In Erin's isle I'd pass my time,
 No more I wish to roam,
 Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,
 For Erin is my home.

If England were my place of birth,
 I'd love her tranquil shore ;
 If bonny Scotland were my home,
 Her mountains I'd adore.
 But pleasant days in both I've past,
 I'll dream of days to come ;
 Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,
 For Erin is my home.

IT WAS A MAID OF MY COUNTRY.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—Old English.

It was a maid of my country,
 As she came by a hawthorn tree,
 As full of flowers as might be seen,
 She marvell'd to see the tree so green ;
 At last she asked of the tree,
 How came this freshness unto thee,
 And ev'ry branch so fair and clean ?
 I marvel that you grow so green.

The tree made answer by-and-by,
 I have cause to grow triumphantly,
 The sweetest dew that ever be seen,
 Doth fall on me to keep me green.
 Yea, quoth the maid, but where you grow
 You stand at hand at ev'ry blow,
 Of every man for to be seen,
 I marvel that you grow so green.

Though many one take flowers from me
And many a branch out of my tree ;
I have such store they will not be seen,
For more and more my twigs grow green.
But how, an they chance to cut thee down,
And carry thy branches into the town ?
Then they will never more be seen
To grow again so fresh and green.

Though that you do it is no boot,
Although they cut me to the root,
Next year again I will be seen
To bud my branches fresh and green.
And you, fair maid, cannot do so ;
For "when your beauty once doth go,"
Then will it never more be seen,
As I with my branches can grow green.

The maid with that began to blush,
And turned her from the hawthorn bush ;
She thought herself so fair and clean,
Her beauty still would ever grow green.
But after this never I could hear
Of this fair maiden anywhere,
That ever she was in forest seen
To talk again with hawthorn green.

ON MUSIC.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"The banks of Banna,"

WHEN through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we us'd to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain,
Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept.

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Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
In the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours ;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath !

Music!—oh ! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell !
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are ev'n more false than they ;
Oh ! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray !

HOW SWEET 'TIS TO RETURN.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

How sweet, how sweet 'tis to return
Where once we've happy been,
Tho' paler now life's lamp may burn,
And years have roll'd between ;
And if the eyes beam welcome yet
That wept our parting then,
Oh, in the smiles of friends thus met
We live whole years again !

They tell us of a fount that flow'd
In happier days of yore,
Whose waters bright fresh youth bestow'd ;
Alas ! the fount's no more.
But smiling memory still appears,
Presents her cup, and when
We sip the sweets of vanish'd years,
We live those years again.

THE ANGEL VOICE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by E. L. HIME.]

I HEAR it, I hear it,—the voice of the past,
It comes in my loneliest hours,
When the shadows of midnight are over me cast,
As I wander alone 'mid the flowers :
In the song of the bird—when the breeze stirs the tree,
And all that is human's at rest,
I hear the sweet voice that once whispered to me,
An angel-voice, now, with the blest.

I hear it, I hear it,—it comes in my dreams ;
Oh ! well I remember the tones,
The voice that once sung by the side of the streams,
That now but fond memory owns :
It seems like a message that comes from above,
As light as a zephyr its breath,
Rewarding my constancy—proving that love
Like ours can endure after death.

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

CLARIBEL.]

[Music by CLARIBEL.]

I CANNOT sing the old songs
I sang long years ago,
For heart and voice would fail me
And foolish tears would flow ;
For bygone hours come o'er my heart,
With each familiar strain—
I cannot sing the old songs,
Or dream those dreams again.

I cannot sing the old songs,
Their charm is sad and deep ;
Their melodies would waken
Old sorrows from their sleep.

And tho' all unforgotten still
 And sadly sweet they be—
 I cannot sing the old songs,
 They are too dear to me.

I cannot sing the old songs,
 For visions come again .
 Of golden dreams departed
 And years of bitter pain ;
 Perhaps when earthly fetters
 Shall have set my spirit free—
 My voice may know the old songs
 For all eternity.

THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

[THOMAS DIDDIK.]

DADDY NEPTUNE one day to Freedom did say,
 If ever I live upon dry land,
 The spot I should hit on would be little Britain.
 Says Freedom, why that's my own island ;
 O what a snug little island !
 A right little, tight little island !
 Search the globe round,
 None can be found,
 So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,
 Came by water—he couldn't come by land ;
 And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd their
 backs on,
 And all for the sake of our island !
 O what a snug little island !
 They'd have a touch at the island !
 Some were shot dead,
 Some of them fled,
 And some stay'd to live on the island !

Then a very great war-man, call'd Billy the Norman,
Cried, d—n it, I never liked my land ;
It would be more handy, to leave this Normandy,
And live on yon beautiful island !
Says he, 'tis a snug little island !
Shan't us go visit the island !
Hop, skip, and jump,
There he was plump,
And he kick'd up a dust in the island.

But party deceit help'd the Normans to beat,
Of traitors they managed to buy land ;
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we ne'er should be lick'd,
Had they stuck to the king of their island.
Poor Harold, the king of the island !
He lost both his life and his island :
That's very true,
What could he do ?
Like a Briton he died for his island !

The Spanish Armada set out to invade her,
Quite sure, if they ever came nigh land,
They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing in the island !
Oh, the poor Queen and the island !
The Dons came to plunder the island !
But snug in the hive,
The Queen was alive,
And buzz was the word at the island.

These proud puff'd up cakes thought to make ducks
and drakes
Of our wealth ; but they could hardly spy land,
When our Drake had the luck to make their pride
duck,
And stoop to the lads of the island !
Huzza for the lads of the island !
The good wooden walls of the island !
Devil or Don,
Let 'em come on,
But how would they come off at the island !

Then Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune,
In each saying, this shall be my land ;
Should the army of England, or all they could bring,
land,
We'd show 'em some play for the island ;
We'll fight for our right to the island,
We'll give them enough of the island,
Invaders should just
Bite once at the dust,
But not a bit more of the island.

A SEAMAN'S DITTY.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

COME, listen to a seaman's ditty,—
Tom Taffrail was the hero's name ;
His tale shall start that tear of pity
The brave and good from virtue claim.
Tom went to sea ; duty inclined him
His king and country to defend ;
But how in grief to leave behind him
A lovely wife and faithful friend !
Kind hearts may dwell in bosoms homely ;
Nothing can virtue's impulse check :
At sea, trick'd out a tar so comely,
Tom met his friend upon the deck ;
And see his wife, by love directed,
In man's attire Tom's steps attend :
Thus was he bless'd, when least expected,
With his dear wife and faithful friend.
True pleasures are for no one mortal :
A storm arose no skill could mock ;
Tore masts away, strain'd every portal,
And bilg'd the vessel 'gainst a rock.
Torn the dear objects he had cherish'd,
His own life ebbing near its end,
He smil'd, in death, that he had perished
With his dear wife and faithful friend.

ANNA'S URN.

GENERAL BURGOYNE.]

[Music by JACKSON.]

ENCOMPASSED in an angel's frame
An angel's virtues lay ;
Too soon did heaven assert the claim,
And called its own away.
My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Must never more return ;
What now shall fill these widowed arms ?
Ah me ! my Anna's urn.

Can I forget that bliss refined
Which blest when her I knew,
Our hearts, in sacred bonds entwined,
Were bound by love too true ?
The rural train, which once were used
In festive dance to turn,
So pleased when Anna they amused,
Now, weeping, deck her urn.

The soul escaping from its chain,
She clasped me to her breast ;
To part with thee is all my pain,
She cried—then sank to rest.
While memory shall her seat retain,
From heauteous Anna torn,
My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain
Of sorrow o'er her urn.

There, with the earliest dawn, a dove
Laments her murdered mate ;
There, Philomela, lost to love,
Tells the pale moon her fate.
With yew and ivy round me spread,
My Anna there I'd mourn ;
For all my soul, now she is dead,
Concentres in her urn.

H 3

THEY DEEM IT A SORROW GONE BY.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by CHARLES H. PURDAY.]

THEY deem it a sorrow gone by,
 A passion effaced from my heart,
 But rankling, the poison may lie
 When time has extracted the dart:
 Again, to the dance I have gone,
 They think that my spirits are high ;—
 They see not my tears when alone,
 They deem it a sorrow gone by.

The smile is again on my cheek,
 The jest is again on my tongue,
 I see them exult when I seek
 The haunts of the gay and the young ;
 They think a new love will atone
 For one that but blossomed to die ;—
 They see not my tears when alone,
 They deem it a sorrow gone by.

TO LIVE WITH THEE, MY LOVE.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.]

IF all the world and love were young,
 And truth on every shepherd's tongue,
 These pleasures might my passion move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

But fading flowers in every field,
 To winter floods their treasure yield ;
 A honied tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Are all soon withered, broke, forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
Can me with no enticements move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, had age no need,
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

ROBERT BURNS.]

[Air—"O'er the hills, &c."]

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad ?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe ?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love ;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away ;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun :
Bullets, spare my only joy !
Bullets, spare my darling boy !
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away !

On the seas, &c.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power ;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,

Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,—
 All I can—I weep and pray,
 For his weal that's far away.
 On the seas, &c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild War his ravage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet:
 Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that's far away.
 On the seas, &c.

I KNOW THOU DOST LOVE ME.

[*Music by B. MOLIQUEZ.*]

I KNOW thou dost love me,
 Ay, frown as thou wilt,
 And curl thy beautiful lip,
 Which I never can gaze on
 Without the guilt
 Of burning its dew to sip ;
 I know that my heart is reflected in thine,
 And, like flow'rs that o'er a brook incline,
 They towards each other dip.

Tho' thou lookest so cold
 In the halls of light,
 'Mid the careless, proud, and gay,
 I will steal like a thief,
 In thy heart at night,
 And pilfer its thoughts away !
 I will come in thy dreams at the midnight hour,
 And thy soul shall in secret own the pow'r
 It dares to mock by day.

WRITTEN ON THE SAND.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by N. J. SPOKES.]

It was written on the sand,
"Love cannot know decay ;"
The waves rose o'er the strand,
And Love had passed away.
It was written on the sand,
"How firmly friends are tied ;"
Yet, traced by friendship's hand,
How soon the impress died !
Written on the sand !

It was written on the sand,
"The world is full of truth,"
By a happy sportive band,
Go search the spot, oh ! youth !
They are written on the sand,
Our hopes, our joys, our fears ;—
As the shores of life expand,
The waves are but our tears,
Falling on the sand !

OH ! TELL ME HOW TO WOO ?

[MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. 1640.]

If doughty deeds my layde please,
Right soone I'll mount my steed,
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed ;
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture next my heart ;
And he that bends not to thine eyes
Shall rue it to his smart :
Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
For thy dear sake no care I'll take,
Although another trow me.

If gay attire thy fancy please,
 I'll deck thee in array,
 I'll tend thy chamber-door all night,
 And squire thee all the day !
 If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
 These sounds I'll strive to catch ;
 Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,
 That voice which none can match.
 Then tell me how to woo, &c.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
 I never broke a vow ;
 No maiden, lays her skaith on me, —
 I never loved but you !
 For you alone I ride the ring,
 For you I wear the blue,
 For you alone I strive to sing—
 Oh ! tell me how to woo, &c.

VARIETY IN ONE.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

"IN one thou couldst find variety,"
 Cried Dick, "wouldst thou on wedlock fix ?"
 "I rather should expect," cried I,
 "Variety in five or six ;"
 "But never was thy counsel light,
 I'll do't, my friend !—So said, so done,
 I'm noosed for life, and Dick was right,
 I find variety in one.

"Her tone has more variety
 Than music's system can embrace ;
 She modulates through every key,
 Squeaks treble, and growls double-bass ;
 Divisions runs, and trills, and shakes,
 Enough the noisy spheres to stun :
 Thus, as harsh discord music makes,
 I find variety in one.

"Her dress boasts such variety,
Such forms, materials, fashions, hues ;
Each animal must plunder'd be,
From Russian bears to cockatoos ;
Now 'tis a feather, now a zone,
Now she's a gipsy, now a nun ;
To change, like theameleon, prone—
En't this variety in one ?

"In wedlock's wide variety,
Thought, word, and deed, we both concur,
If she's a thunderstorm to me,
So I'm an April day to her :
Devil and angel, black and white,
Thus as we Hymen's gauntlet run,
And kiss and scold, and love and fight,
Each finds variety in one.

"Then cherish love's variety,
In spite of every sneering elf ;
We're Nature's children, and en't she,
In change, variety itself ?
Her clouds and storms are willed by fate,
More bright, to show her radiant sun :
Hail then, blest wedlock, in whose state
Men find variety in one."

THE BUD IS ON THE BOUGH.

PART SONG.

F. BENNOCH.]

[Music by F. MORL.]

THE bud is on the bough,
And the blossom on the tree,
But neither bud nor blossom
Bring a thrill of joy to me.
Walled up within the city's gloom,
No pleasure can I know,
But like a caged linnet sing
To chase away my woe.

The bud will grow a blossom,
 The blossom will grow pale,
 And as they die, the fruit will spring,
 But fall when o'er the vale
 Stern winter marches with his train
 In every wind that blows :
 And I unripe, with ripest fruit,
 May in the dust repose.

And spring upon the seed will breathe
 The seed become a tree ;
 And on the tree so beautiful
 Will bud and blossom be.
 And shall I know a second spring ?
 Yes, brighter far than they ;
 Where age puts on the blush of youth,
 And never more decay.

ROSE, THOU ART THE SWEETEST FLOWER.

T. MOORE.]

[*Music by Mrs. ROBERT ARKWEIGHT.*]

ROSE, thou art the sweetest flower
 That ever drank the amber shower ;
 E'en the gods that walk the sky,
 Are am'rous of thy scented sigh,
 Cupid too in Paphian shades,
 His hair with rosy fillets braids ;
 Then bring me showers of roses, bring,
 And shed them round me while I sing.

Rose, thou art the feadest child
 Of dimpled spring, the wood nymph wild !
 Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
 Culled from Cupid's balmy bowers,
 In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
 Till with crimson drops they weep ;
 Then bring me showers of roses, bring,
 And shed them round me while I sing.

FAIR HEBE.

[By LORD CANTALUPE, about 1720.]

[This song, adapted to the old English melody of "Pretty Polly Oliver," is an answer to Shenstone's, "When forced from dear Hebe to part," the music by Dr. Arne.]

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design
To escape from her charms and to drown love in wine :
I tried it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head but still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, entreating her aid,
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance weigh'd;
Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my prayer,
That Hebe was fairest of all that were fair !

"That's a truth," replied I, "I've no need to be
taught ;

I came for your counsel to find out a fault."

"If that's all," says reason, "return as you came,
For to find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name."

What hopes, then, alas ! of relief from my pain,
When like lightning she darts through each throbbing
vein ;

My senses surprised, in her favour took arms,
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

THE HARVEST-HOME SONG.

EDWIN RANSFORD.]

[Music by E. RANSFORD.]

THE harvest-home's come round again,

Then let each heart be gay ;

And let us all with one accord

Our grateful homage pay

To Him who sends the glorious sun

To fill the ears with grain,

And makes the golden waves to roll

O'er hill and fertile plain.

God bless the tillers of the soil,
 The sowers of the seed,
 The reapers of the harvest field,
 And help them in their need ;
 God bless the worthy master,
 God bless the peasant band,
 May agriculture flourish
 Throughout our favour'd land !

Success to dear old England
 For ages yet to come,
 And long may we thus celebrate
 Our English harvest-home ;
 May rich and poor alike rejoice
 To see the barns well stor'd,
 And sing in joyous harmony
 Around the festive board :
 God bless the tillers of the soil, &c.

I SEE AGAIN MY HAPPY HOME.

EDWARD J. GILL.]

[*Music by* BLANCHI TAYLOR.]

I SEE again my happy home,
 Sweet love of childhood's day,
 And all the changing scenes I've met,
 Ne'er chased that love away.
 I heard the streamlet wander by,
 Tho' 'midst the halls of mirth,
 And thy sweet vale my heart would own,
 The loveliest spot on earth.

I've gaz'd upon rich summer bloom,
 In other lands afar,
 But all thy beauty then came near,
 My memory's cherish'd star.
 I wandered, tho' in fancy dear,
 And marked thy flow'rets wear
 Their bright soft hues, and now I find
 Them blooming still as fair.

THE EVENING STAR.

{Dr. JOHN LEYDEN, died 1811.]

How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair star ! to love and lovers dear ;
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through the tear ;

Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream
To mark each image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outline
As far as thine each starry light—
Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flow'rs,
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh ;
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star ! though I be doom'd to prove
That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain ;
Ah ! still I feel 'tis sweet to love,—
But sweeter to be loved again.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"O, Patrick, fly from me."

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.

I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver ! go,—
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it !

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled the unwelcome story ;
Or found, in even the faults they blam'd,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee ;
The heart that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver ! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee ;
The few who lov'd thee once have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it,
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it !
Go—go—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour !

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,
When even those ties shall sever ;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever ;

On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believ'd thee.
Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHEN I DRAIN THE ROSY BOWL.

From ANACREON, Sappho, by the }
REV. FRANCIS FAWKES. 1761. }

[*Music* by BAILDON.]

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
Joy exhilarates the soul ;
To the Nine I raise my song,
Ever fair and ever young.
When full cups my cares expel,
Sober counsel, then farewell !
Let the winds that murmur sweep
All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
Leads me to delightful bowers,
Full of fragrance, full of flowers.
When I quaff the sparkling wine,
And my locks with roses twine ;
Then I praise life's rural scene—
Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I drink the bowl profound
(Richest fragrance flowing round)
And some lovely nymph detain,
Venus then inspires the strain.
When from goblets deep and wide
I exhaust the gen'rous tide,
All my soul unbends—I play
Gamesome with the young and gay.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"The song of sorrow."

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past ;
 Your dreams of pride are o'er ;
 The fatal chain is round you cast,
 And you are men no more !
 In vain the hero's heart hath bled ;
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain ;
 Oh, freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,
 It never lights again !

Weep on—perhaps in after days
 They'll learn to love your name ;
 And many a deed may wake in praise,
 That long hath slept in blame !
 And when they tread the ruin'd aisle,
 Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
 They'll wondering ask how hands so vile
 Could conquer hearts so brave ?
 "'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
 Your web of discord wove ;
 And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
 You never join'd in love ;
 But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
 And man profan'd what God had given,
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine
 Where others knelt to heaven !"

FALSE TO ME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by J. P. KNIGHT.]

LAST night I passed you in the dance,
 You knew not I was near,
 I saw the brightness of your eye,
 Your voice I could not hear ;
 But in your eye such pleasure beamed,
 They asked, "Did I not see ?"
 What I till then would not believe,
 That thou wert false to me.

You deemed that I was absent still,
When her bright looks you met,
Yet in your features I could trace
No sadness—no regret ;
Though many lovely forms were there,
But one you seemed to see,—
Too well those loving glances proved
That thou wert false to me.

THE PATH ACROSS THE HILLS.

HON. MRS. NORTON.]

[*Music by* HON. MRS. NORTON.]

In life's delightful morn,
When love and hope were born,
To thy dwelling in the wooded hills I came ;
Thy smile of welcome made
A sunbeam in the shade,
And spring and winter bloom'd for me the same.
Tho' stormy winds blew loud,
And the snow hung in the cloud,
I reck'd not all my sunshine was to come,
My heart was blithe and gay,
I went singing on my way
In the path across the hills to thy home !

The spring, with gentle rain,
Hath woke the buds again,
And the summer clothes the leafy woods once more,
But Love's sweet life is fled,
And Hope's bright flowers are dead,
And thy dear smile no sunshine can restore !
To some less lov'd abode,
By some more dreary road,
Fate yet may lead my steps in days to come,
But never blithe and gay
To sing along the way
As in the path that led me to thy home !

OH! FOR A HUSBAND.

[Tune—"Oh! for a husband." Early in the 17th century.]

THERE was a maiden, well-a-day !
Thus mourn'd her hapless lot :—
" A wife may be merry and gay,
But maids, alas ! may not.
Full eighteen years have pass'd," she said,
" All lonely and forlorn,
Oh, if I chance to die unwed,
Would I had ne'er been born.
Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,
Oh, oh, oh, for a husband."
Still this was her song,
" I will have a husband,
I'll have a husband
Be he old or young !"

An ancient suitor to her came,
His head was very gray ;
He talked to her of Cupid's flame,
And stole her heart away.
Her mother said, " Don't wed too fast,
Lest you should soon repent."
Quoth she, " Dear mother, I'm in haste."
And thus the ditty went,
" Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,
Oh, oh, oh, for a husband."
Still this was her song,
" I will have a husband,
I'll have a husband,
Be he old or young !"

When she had been a wedded wife
A twelvemonth and a day,
She found her dear, her lord, her life,
Was mean as well as gray.

He grudg'd the price of cap and gown,
Of velvet and of lace ;
On trinkets he would grimly frown,
'Twas such a piteous case.
"Oh, oh, oh, with a husband,
Oh, oh, oh, with a husband,
What a life lead I,
Plague take such a husband,
Take such a husband,
Husband, fie, fie, fie !"

Another twelvemonth slowly pass'd,
A widow she became ;
But soon the weeds aside she cast,
Pray don't the lady blame.
A second lover sought her hand,
Young, gen'rous, brave and free,
She did not shilly-shally stand,
But joyously said she,
"Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,
Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,
This is still my song,
I will have a husband,
I'll take a husband,
But he must be young !"

SORROWFUL TREES.

GEORGE CAYLEY.]

[Music by HON. MRS. NORTON.]

CYPRESS and yew,
Sorrowful trees !
Tears are your dew,
Sighs are your breeze !
Sad is your shade,
Gloomy and cold,
Where she is laid,
Under the mould !

Nothing she needs,
Sadly I strew
Funeral weeds,
Myrtle and rue,
Over the tomb
Worn by my knees
Under your gloom,
Sorrowful trees.

Winters may freeze,
Summers may burn,
Sorrowful trees,
Sombre and stern ;
Seasons may range,
Ages may roll,
Nought can estrange
Grief from my soul :
Still my heart bleeds,
Therefore I strew
Funeral weeds,
Myrtle and rue,
Where she is laid,
Sleeping at ease
Under your shade,
Sorrowful trees.

YE MARINERS OF SPAIN.

JOHN G. LOCKHART.] [Music by MRS. ROBERT ARKWRIGH.

YE mariners of Spain
Bend strongly on your oars,
And bring my love again,
For he lies among the Moors.
Ye galleys fairly built
Like castles on the sea,
Oh, great will be your guilt
If ye bring him not to me !

The wind is blowing strong,
 The breeze will aid your oars,
 O swiftly fly along,
 For he lies among the Moors !
 The fresh breeze of the sea
 Cools every cheek but mine,
 O hot is its breath to me
 As I gaze upon the brine !

Lift up, lift up your sail
 And bend upon your oars,
 O lose not the fair gale,
 For he lies among the Moors !
 It is a narrow strait,
 I see the blue hills over,
 Your coming I'll await,
 And thank you for my lover.
 To Mary I will pray
 While ye bend upon your oars,
 'Twill be a blessed day
 If ye fetch him from the Moors.

ROW, GALLANT COMRADES, ROW.

[Tune—"Row well, ye mariners." 16th century.]

Row, gallant comrades, row,
 The sun is near his western bed ;
 Upon the waters glow
 Unnumber'd gems of gorgeous red ;
 The stars that peer to usher night,
 Scarce reveal their trembling light ;
 Before the silver moon we see,
 Safe at home we all should be.
 Then row well, row well,
 No breath upon the water stirs,
 Then row well, row well,
 With all your might, ye mariners.

Row, gallant comrades, row,
The log is crackling on the hearth,
Kind voices, well we know,
Will greet us with the sound of mirth.
The cares that fill the anxious breast,
Soon we'll lull to happy rest,
And drooping spirits we shall cheer :
Row ! the welcome shore is near.
Then row, &c.

BRIGHT THINGS CAN NEVER DIE.

C. H. HITCHINGS.]

[*Music by E. F. RIMBAULT.*

BRIGHT things can never die,
E'en though they fade,
Beauty and minstrelsy
Deathless were made.
What though the summer day
Passes away,
Doth not the moon's soft ray
Silence the night ?
Kind words can never die,
Saith my philosophy ;
Deep in the soul they lie,
All know how dear.

Like childhood's simple rhymes
Said o'er a thousand times,
Ay, in all years and climes,
Distant and near.
Childhood can never die ;
Wrecks of the past,
Float on our memory,
E'en to the last.
Sweet fancies never die,
They leave behind
Some fairy legacy
Stored in the mind.

AND HAVE I LOST THEE?

LADY DUFFERIN.]

[Music by LADY DUFFERIN.]

AND have I lost thee ?
Is thy love a dream of other days ?
Can act of mine no longer move
Thy censure or thy praise ?
I miss thee from the lonely hearth—
I miss thy quiet smile !
Thy voice with its melodious mirth,
Thy lips that knew not guile !
I gaze on thine accustom'd place,
But strangers fill it now ;
Alas ! and is there left no trace
Of one so lov'd as thou ?
And have—have I lost thee ?

And have I lost thee ?
Must I learn to live through lonely years ?
To seek for love in eyes that turn
All coldly from my tears ?
Thy silent home !—none greet me there,
None speak to me of thee !
Our ancient haunts no longer wear
Familiar looks to me !
Restore, thou silent tomb, restore
The young hopes thou hast slain !
Give back the lov'd and lost once more !
Give me mine own again !
And have I lost thee ?

MAYST THOU BE HAPPY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by J. P. KNIGHT.]

MAYST thou be happy each coming day,
Some gleam of sunshine still round thee play,
True hearts to greet thee and meet thy caress,
Friends to adore and one loved one to bless ;

Though I have proffered my friendship in vain,
 Striven, but vainly, thy young heart to gain ;
 Why should I not wish thee well in my heart !—
 Mayst thou be happy although we must part.

Mayst thou be happy—it was not to be
 Thy future lot should be centred in me,
 Tho' I was true as the earth to the sun,
 Love, to be perfect, is two hearts in one ;
 All that I ask is, remember me still
 As one who'd have bow'd to thy wish or thy will,—
 Who sought not thy wealth, but thy hand and thy
 heart ;—
 Mayst thou be happy, although we must part.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Dermot,"

TAKE back the virgin page,
 White and unwritten still ;
 Some hand more calm and sage
 The leaf must fill.
 Thoughts come as pure as light,
 Pure as even you require ;
 But, on : each word I write,
 Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book ;
 Oft shall my heart renew,
 When on its leaves I look,
 Dear thoughts of you.
 Like you, 'tis fair and bright ;
 Like you, too bright and fair
 To let wild passions write
 One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
 Far, far away, I roam,
 Should calmer thoughts arise
 Towards you and home,

Fancy may trace some line
Worthy those eyes to meet ;
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.
And as the records are,
Which wand'ring seamen keep,
Led by their hidden star
Through winter's deep ;
So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray,
You still the un-seen light
Guiding my way !

THE ANGEL'S WING.

S. LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

[There is a German superstition, that when a sudden silence takes place in a company, an angel at that moment makes a circuit among them, and the first person who breaks the silence is supposed to have been touched by the wing of the passing seraph. For the purposes of poetry, I thought two persons preferable to many, in illustrating this very beautiful superstition.]

WHEN by the evening's quiet light
There sit two silent lovers,
They say, while in such tranquil plight,
An angel round them hovers ;
And further still old legends tell,—
The first who breaks the silent spell,
To say a soft and pleasing thing,
Hath felt the passing angel's wing.
Thus, a musing minstrel stray'd
By the summer ocean,
Gazing on a lovely maid,
With a bard's devotion :—
Yet his love he never spoke,
Till now the silent spell he broke ;—
The hidden fire to flame did spring,
Fann'd by the passing angel's wing !

"I have loved thee well and long,
 With love of heaven's own making !—
 This is not a poet's song,
 But a true heart's speaking.
 I will love thee, still, untired !"
 He felt—he spoke—as one inspired—
 The words did from truth's fountain spring,
 Upwaken'd by the angel's wing !

Silence o'er the maiden fell,
 Her beauty lovelier making ;—
 And by her blush, he knew full well
 The dawn of love was breaking.
 It came like sunshine o'er his heart !
 He felt that they should never part,
 She spoke—and oh !—the lovely thing
 Had felt the passing angel's wing.

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

[SAMUEL LOVER.]

[It is said, says have the power to assume various shapes, for the purpose of luring mortals into fairyland. Hunters seem to have been particularly the objects of the lady-fairies' fancies.]

GAILY through the mountain glen
 The hunter's horn did ring,
 As the milk-white doe
 Escaped his bow,
 Down by the haunted spring ;
 In vain his silver horn he wound,—
 'Twas echo answer'd back ;
 For neither groom nor baying hound
 Were on the hunter's track ;
 In vain he sought the milk-white doe
 That made him stray, and 'scaped his bow,
 For, save himself, no living thing
 Was by the silent haunted spring.

The purple heath-bells, blooming fair,
 Their fragrance round did fling,
 As the hunter lay,
 At the close of day,
 Down by the haunted spring.
 A lady fair, in robe of white,
 To greet the hunter came ;
 She kiss'd a cup with jewels bright,
 And pledged him by his name ;
 " Oh, lady fair," the hunter cried,
 " Be thou my love, my blooming bride,
 A bride that well might grace a king !
 Fair lady of the haunted spring."

In the fountain clear she stoop'd,
 And forth she drew a ring ;
 And that bold knight
 His faith did plight,
 Down by the haunted spring.
 But since the day his chase did stray,
 The hunter ne'er was seen ;
 And legends tell, he now doth dwell
 Within the hills so green.*
 But still the milk-white doe appears,
 And wakes the peasant's evening fears,
 While di-tant bugles faintly ring
 Around the lonely haunted spring.

* Fays and fairies are supposed to have their dwelling-places within old green hills.

OH ! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

THOMAS MOORE.]

[Air—" John O'Reilly, the active."

OH ! think not my spirits are always as light,
 And as free from a pang as they seem to you now ;
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.

No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns ;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flow'rs
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns !
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile ;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows !
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd ;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my
mind ;
But they who have lov'd, the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed ;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed, if 'twas never deceived.
But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be mine :
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

WHEN GENTLE MUSIC.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by LOVER.]

WHEN gentle music's sounding—
Such as this ;
'Tis sweet when friends surrounding
Share our bliss :
But love them as we may,
We love them less, when near,
Than when, through mem'ry's tear
We view them—far away.

When over deserts burning,
Far we roam,
'Tis sweet, at last, returning
To our home :

Be 't happy as it may,
That home no bliss bestows
So fairy-bright, as those
We fancied when away.

And when fond hearts are meeting,
Beating high ;
How sweet the brilliant greeting
Of the eye !
But tho' so bright its ray,
To lovers far more dear
Is the sad, the secret tear
Shed for one—who's far away.

CHERRY CHEEK PATTY.

[C. DIBDIN.]

Down in yon village I live so snug,
They call me Giles, the ploughman's boy ;
Through woods and o'er stiles, as I trudge many miles,
I whistle, I whistle, and whoop gee woo, Jerry, I cry ;
My work being done, to the lawn then I fly,
Where the lads and the lasses all look very sly.
And I'ze deeply in love with a girl, it is true,
And I know what I know, but I munna tell you.
But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, for of all the girls I ever
did see,
O cherry cheek Patty for me.

Though the squire so great, so happy mayn't be,
As poor simple Giles, the ploughman's boy ;
No matters of State ever addle my pate,
But I whistle, I whistle, and whoop gee woo, Jerry, I
cry.
Now cherry cheek Patty, she lives in the vale,
Whom I help o'er the stile with her milking pail ;
And Patty has a like notion of me, it is true ;
And I know what I know, but I munna tell you ;
But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, &c.

I'ze able and strong and willing to work,
And when the lark rises off trudges I ;
The cows up I call, and harness old Ball,
I whistle, I whistle, and whoop gee woo, Jerry, I cry.
Then I'ze fifty good shillings, my luck has been such,
And a lad's not to be grinned at that's gotten so much ;
And when that I'm married to Patty so true,
I know what I know, but I munna tell you.
But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, &c.

THE CHAIN I GAVE WAS FAIR TO VIEW.

[LORD BYRON.]

THE chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound,
The heart that offered both was true,
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charmed by secret spell,
Thy truth in absence to divine ;
And they have done their duty well ;
Alas ! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
But not to bear a stranger's touch ;
That lute was sweet,—till thou couldst think
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
The chain, when shivered in his grasp ;
Who saw that lute refuse its sound,
Re-string the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they altered too ;
The chain is broke, the music mute :
'Tis past,—to them and thee adieu !—
False heart,—frail chain,—and silent lute !

FOLLOW, FOLLOW OVER MOUNTAIN.

FOLLOW, follow over mountain,
Follow, follow over sea,
And I'll guide thee to love's fountain,
If you'll follow, follow me.
Follow, follow me, &c.

With the waters of the fountain,
Will I ease thy aching heart,
And the roses of the mountain
Shall to thee a balm impart.
Follow, follow, &c.

For woman's love is dearly bought,
If bought with peace of mind ;
But taste the fount, and not a thought
Of love is left behind.
Follow, follow, &c.

TRAVELLERS SEE STRANGE THINGS.

THOMAS DIBDIN.]

[Music by CORRY.]

IN England I've seen the brave sons of roast beef
Raised high on prosperity's wings,
Saw wealth and good-humour beyond all belief ;
But travellers see strange things.
Strange things, strange things,
Travellers see strange things.

That you'll doubt my narration I feel pretty sure,
Though I soar not on fabulous wings :
I've seen honest lawyers, and doctors that cure ;
But travellers see strange things.
Strange things, &c.

Believe me no falsehood I wish to advance,
From truth my authority springs ;
I've seen England can never be conquered by France ;
But travellers see strange things.
Strange things, &c.

WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

FREDERICK ENOCH.]

[*Music by* HENRY SMART.]

ALL the fields were silent, sleeping,
 All the woods were bleak and bare,
 But I knew each bough was keeping
 Bloom to meet the sunshine there ;
 For the stream that seem'd to listen,
 And the bird that long'd to sing,
 And the flow'r to burst and glisten,
 All were waiting for the spring !

Like the fields and woodlands sleeping
 Oft the heart in sadness lies,
 While the germ of hope is keeping
 Promise-bloom for brighter skies :
 And that hope foretels elating
 There are joys that time may bring,
 So the heart is ever waiting,
 Ever waiting for the spring !

 'TIS TIME TO FLY.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music by* LOVER.]

BEWARE the chain love's wreathing,
 When some sweet voice you hear,
 Whose gentlest, simplest breathing
 Is music to thine ear ;
 And when, in glances fleeting,
 Some deep and speaking eye
 With thine is often meeting,
 Oh then—'tis time to fly !

If there be form of lightness
 To which thine eyes oft stray,
 Or neck of snowy brightness—
 Remembered—when away ;

These symptoms love resemble,
And when some hand is nigh,
Whose touch doth make thee tremble,
Oh then—'tis time to fly !

But if that voice of sweetness,
Like echo, still return ;
And if that eye of brightness
With fascination burn ;
To 'scape thou art not able,
No effort vainly try,
For, like the bird in fable,
Alas ! thou canst not fly !

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN HUGO ?

ROBERT B. BROUGH.]

[*Music by M. W. BALFE.*

WHO has here, far or near, seen Hugo ?
Since the dawn he's been gone, sad Hugo,
Not to chase the buck or doe,
For he's left his spear and bow,
And his bugle, in a row, false Hugo.
Oh, false Hugo ! Oh, sad Hugo !
If you've gone to hunt, I fear
I can guess what kind of deer—
Still has anybody here seen Hugo ?

In the night, long ere light, rose Hugo,
Sprucely dress'd in his best, vain Hugo,
In a silver button'd hood,
In his hat a new plume stood,
For a baron's son too good, vain Hugo.
Oh, vain Hugo ! Oh, false Hugo !
Did you e'er so smart appear
For the maid you call your dear—
Still has anybody here seen Hugo ?

So at last, not so fast, friend Hugo !
 Not a kiss—eh ? what's this ? oh, Hugo !
 When I thought you on the wing,
 You had been to buy the ring ;
 You're a darling and a king, my Hugo.
 Oh, dear Hugo ! oh, my Hugo !
 I've been asking for you here,
 I was certain you'd appear ;
 Was there ever such a dear as Hugo ?

I THINK OF THEE.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music by S. LOVER.*

I LOVE to roam at night
 By the deep sea,
 When the pale moon is bright,
 And think of thee :
 And as the beacon's light
 Gleams o'er the sea,
 Shedding its guardian light,
 I think of thee.

When o'er some flow'ry ground
 Night winds breathe free,
 Wafting fresh fragrance round,
 I think of thee !
 Then if some trembling star
 Beaming I see,
 Brighter than others far !—
 I think of thee.

Though love by fate forbid
 Thou art to me,
 Yet, like a treasure hid,
 I think of thee :
 And though thy plighted kiss
 Mine ne'er can be,
 Next is the secret bliss
 To think of thee !

WHEN THEY TOLD ME HE WAS MARRIED.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT.]

WHEN they told me he was married,
How I wept to hear his name !
For I lived but in his presence,
And was happy when he came ;
Had he spoken of another,
Had he spared my aching brow,
I had loved him as a brother,
But I dare not love him now.

It is true no vows were spoken,
But his words were soft and kind ;
Ev'ry gift I deemed a token
That he strove our love to bind ;
There are hearts, where truth ne'er enter'd,
That such falsehood ne'er could bow,
But my hopes in him were centred,
Yet I dare not love him now !

They deem not when they name him
Of the pangs that wring my soul,
And yet I ne'er shall blame him,
For could I my heart control ?
Had I known that to another
He had breathed the fatal vow,—
I had loved him as a brother,
But I dare not love him now !

CUPID'S GOLDEN ARROW.

• ELIZA COOK.]

[*Music* by H. C. GRIFFITHS.]

YOUNG Cupid went storming to Vulcan one day
And besought him to look at his arrow ;
'Tis useless, he cried, you must mend it, I say,
'Tis not fit to let fly at a sparrow.

There's something that's wrong in the shaft or the dart,
For it flutters quite false to my aim,
'Tis an age since it fairly went home to the heart,
And the world really laughs at my name.

I've straighten'd, I've bent, I've tried all I declare,
I've perfumed it with sweetest of sighs,
'Tis feather'd with ringlets that Venus might wear,
And the barb gleams with light from young eyes ;
But it falls without touching, I'll break it, I vow,
For there's Hymen beginning to pout,
He's complaining his torch burns so dull and so low,
That Zephyr might puff it right out.

Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,
Till Vulcan the weapon restored,
There, take it, young Sir, try it now, if it fail
You shall grant me no fee or reward.
The u. chin shot out and rare havoc he wrought,
The wounded and dead were untold ;
But no wonder the boy had such slaughtering sport,
For the arrow was laden with gold.

THEY CHIDE ME FOR REPINING.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by E. L. HIME.]

THEY chide me for repining,
They mark my altered brow,
No wreath of flow'rs entwining
Amid its tresses now.
For me no earthly pleasure
This stern, cold world can give :
Remembrance is the treasure,
For which alone I live.

His home was with the stranger,
Upon some distant shore :
Oh, had I shar'd his danger,
He could not have lov'd me more.

His grave no stone revealing,
Our friendship can outlive ;
His mem'ry is the feeling,
For which alone I live.

AS I WALKED FORTH ONE SUMMER'S DAY.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Music by PLAYFORD, 1676,

As I walk'd forth one summer's day
To view the meadows green and gay,
A cool retreating bower I spied,
That flourish'd near the river's side,
Where oft in tears a maid would cry,
"Did ever maiden love as I?"

Then o'er the grassy fields she'd walk,
And nipping flowers low by the stalk,
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,—
The deadman's thumb and harebell blue ;
And as she pull'd them, still cried she,
"Alas, none ever lov'd like me!"

Such flowers as gave the sweetest scent
She bound about with knotty bent ;
And as she bound them up in bands,
She sigh'd, and wept, and wrung her hands ;
"Alas, alas !" still sobbed she,
"Alas, none ever lov'd like me!"

When she had fill'd her apron full
Of all the flowers that she could cull,
The tender leaves serv'd for a bed,
The scented flowers to rest her head ;
Then down she laid, nor sigh'd, nor spake,—
With love her gentle heart did break.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Gang fane."

'Tis believ'd that this harp which I new wake for thee,
 Was a syren of old who sung under the sea,
 And who often at eve through the bright billow rov'd,
 To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
 And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,
 Till heav'n look'd with pity on true love so warm,
 And chang'd to this soft harp the sea-maiden's form !

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smil'd the
 same—

While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the
 frame ;

And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright
 rings,

Fell over her white arms, to make the gold strings !

Hence it came that this soft harp so long hath been
 known

To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone ;
 Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
 To be love, when I'm near thee, and grief when away !

BEGONE, DULL CARE.

[ANONYMOUS, 1687.]

BEGONE, dull Care,—I prithee begone from me ;
 Begone, dull Care,—thou and I shall never agree.

Long time thou hast been tarrying here,

And fain thou wouldst me kill ;

But i'faith, dull Care,

Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man grey ;
And too much care will turn an old man to clay.
My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day ;
For I hold it still the wisest thing
To drive dull Care away.

IF 'TIS LOVE TO WISH YOU NEAR.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by CHARLES DIBDIN.]

If 'tis love to wish you near,
To tremble when the wind I hear,
Because at sea you floating rove ;
If of you to dream at night,
To languish when you're out of sight,—
If this be loving, then I love.

If, when you're gone, to count each hour,
To ask of every tender power
That you may kind and faithful prove ;
If void of falsehood and deceit,
I feel a pleasure when we meet,—
If this be loving, then I love.

To wish your fortune to partake,
Determin'd never to forsake,
Though low in poverty we strove ;
If, so that me your wife you'd call,
I offer you my little all,—
If this be loving, then I love.

ILL OMENS.

T. MOORE.]

[*Air*—"Paddy's resource."

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.

For the youth whom she treasur'd her heart and her
soul in,
Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon ;
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror and shaded her view.
Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas ! never to rise—
“ Ah ! such,” said the girl, “ is the pride of our faces,
For which the soul's innocence too often dies.”

While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's-ease
was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew ;
And a rose further on looked so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too ;
But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning
Her zone flew in two and the heart's-ease was lost :
“ Ah ! this means,” said the girl (and she sigh'd at its
meaning),
“ That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost !”

THE PULLET.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

YOUNG Guillot, a poor simple swain,
Yet with some little cunning at least,
When his conscience no more would contain,
To relieve it would hie to his priest.
“ Well, son, what d'ye care to confess ?
These young sinners are always in harm !”
“ Why, sir, I'm in mighty distress—
I have pilfer'd some eggs from a farm.”

"Oh! shameful! and where were they laid!"

"In the hen-house, upon the high shelf."

Cried the priest, "I must stop this vile trade;"—

So the next time took the eggs for himself.

When again to confession he went—

"Well, my son, what has happen'd afresh?"

"Why, you know, sir, we all should repent,

When we're carnal, and giv'n to the flesh;—

Now, my neighbour's sweet daughter"—"Oh! oh!

This sweet daughter!—Well?"—"when I would see,

Unknown to her father I go;

For I love her—and, sir, she loves me."

"And pray, is she handsome?"—"Oh, dear!

She's an angel!—has plenty of pelf!"

"I charge you, no more interfere;"

For, thought he,—“I'll have her to myself."

"These crimes from your heart you must wean,

You must penance perform, and let blood:—

What's her age?"—"Sir, she's just seventeen."

"Seventeen, and an angel!—that's good!

Oh! you wicked young dog! for this fault

Absolution I never can give,

Till to proper repentance you're brought:—

And, pray, whereabouts does she live?"

"A good joke," cried out Guillot, "Ifegs!

Master Priest, I'm not quite such an elf;—

You must e'en be content with the eggs,—

For the pullet I'll keep for myself."

HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

DUET.

[*Music by HARRINGTON.*]

How sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and
horn,

To awaken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn;

But hard is the chance my fond heart must pursue,

For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with disdain
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies,
Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

THE BELLS OF ST. MICHAEL'S TOWER.

[*Music by KNYVETT.*]

MERRILY, merrily, rang the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife,
Arrived at the church door.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

Richard Penlake was a cheerful man,
Cheerful, frank, and free,
But he led a sad life with Rebecca his wife,
For a terrible shrew was she.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

Richard Penlake a scolding would take,
Till patience availed no longer,
Then Richard Penlake a crabstick would take,
And show her that he was the stronger.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

T. MOORE.]

[*Air*—"The rose tree,"

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too ;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
Hadst thou been like them untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm, and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me ;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shar'd with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long and endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear !

And though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh ! we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me,
Along the path I've yet to roam ;
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon the prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which heaven sheds !

FORETOP MORALITY.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music by C. DIBDIN.*

Two real tars, whom duty called
To watch in the foretop,
Thus one another overhauled,
And took a cheering drop :
I say, Will Hatchway, cried Tom Tow,
Of conduct what's your sort,
As through the voyage of life you go,
To bring you safe to port ?

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• Cried Will, You lubber, don't you know ?
Our passions close to reef,
To steer where honour points the prow,
To hand a friend relief :
These anchors get but in your power,
My life for that's your sort ;
The bower, the sheet, and the best bower,
Shall bring you up in port.
Why then you're out, and there's an end,
Tom cried out blunt and rough,
Be good, be honest, serve a friend,
Be maxims well enough ;
Who swabs his bows at other's woe,
That tar's for me your sort ;
His vessel right a-head shall go
To find a joyful port.
Let storms of life upon me press,
Misfortunes make me reel,
Why, damme, what's my own distress ?
For others let me feel.
Ay, ay, if bound with a fresh gale
To heaven, this is your sort,
A handkerchief is the best wet sail
To bring you safe to port.

WE SHALL HAVE OUR MOONLIGHT YET.

[SAMUEL LOVER.]

Tho' days are gone when you and I
First wove the links of pleasure's chain,
Tho' youthful joys be all gone by
We never more shall see again ;
Yet in those eyes, oft dimm'd with tears,
For me both light and love remain,
To make unfelt the blight of years,
To bid my heart be young again !
Tho' days are gone when you and I, &c.

Our morn is gone, the day is past,
The ev'ning closes round us now,
Long shadows o'er the vale are cast,
But light still gilds the mountain's brow ;
And when at last the sun goes down,
And ev'ry ling'ring ray has set,
The night assumes her silver crown,
And we shall have our moonlight yet.
Tho' days are gone when you and I, &c.

OH, LET ME ONLY BREATHE THE AIR.

[T. MOORE.]

OH ! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air that's breathed by thee !
And whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death—'tis sweet to me.

There drink my tears while yet they fall,
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And well thou know'st I'd shed it all
To give thy brow one minute's calm.

Nay, turn not from me that dear face,
Am I not thine—thy own loved bride,
The one—the chosen one, whose place,
In life or death, is by thy side ?

Think'st thou that she whose only light
In this dim world from thee hath shone
Could bear the long and cheerless night,
That must be hers when thou art gone ?

That I can live and let thee go
Who art my life itself ? No—no !
When the stem dies the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too.

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IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.*

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"The sixpence."]

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
 When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
 That can tell how belov'd was the friend that's fled,
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
 'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
 'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded ;
 'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
 When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
 Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
 For worth shall look fairer and truth more bright,
 When we think how he liv'd but to love them.
 And as fresher flowers the sod perfume,
 Where buried saints are lying,
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
 From the image he left there in dying!

A DOUBT RESOLVED.

DR. R. HUGHES.]

[Music by HENRY LAWES.†]

Fain would I love, but that I fear
 I quickly should the willow wear ;
 Fain would I marry, but men say,
 When love is tied, he will away :
 Then tell me, love, what shall I do
 To cure these fears whene'er I woo ?

* This song was occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative of the author's, who died at Madeira.

† Henry Lawes, born in 1600, was the composer of the original music of Milton's "Comus," produced in 1634.

The fair one she's a mark to all,
The brown each one doth lovely call,
The black's a pearl in fair men's eyes,
The rest will stoop at any prize :
Then tell me, love, what shall I do
To cure these fears whene'er I woo ?

Young lover, know it is not I
That wound with fear or jealousy ;
Nor do men ever feel these smarts
Until they have confined their hearts ;
Then, if you'll cure your fears, you shall
Love neither fair, black, brown,—but all.

SHE CAME TO US IN SUMMER-TIME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by JOHN FULCHER.]

SHE came to us in summer-time
When fragrance fill'd the bow'rs,
And, in her dazzling beauty, seem'd
A queen amid the flow'rs ;
Her cheeks—they wore the roses' hue,
Her brow was lily white ;
Her eyes they shamed the violets' blue,
They shone so softly bright.
She came to us in summer-time
When all was bright and fair,
But earth own'd not a beauteous flow'r,
That with her could compare.

She came to us in summer-time,
And as the years depart,
Oh ! never may she cease to feel
The sunshine of the heart ;
And when life's sunset hour arrives,
Still rosy may it beam,
O'er her whose life was like a bright
And joyous summer-dream !
She came, &c.

MY NAME IS FOND DESIRE.

[EARL OF OXFORD, 1660.]

COME hither, shepherd-swain ;

Sir, what do you require ?

I prithee show to me thy name ?

My name is fond desire.

Tell me who was thy nurse ?

Fresh youth in sugar'd joy ;

What was thy meat and daily food ?

Sad sighs with great annoy.

What lulled thee asleep ?

Sweet speech, which likes me best :

Tell me where is thy dwelling-place ?

In gentle hearts I rest.

Doth either time or age

Bring thee unto decay ?

No, no ! desire both lives and dies

Ten thousand times a day.

Then fond desire farewell !

Thou art no mate for me ;

I should be loth, methinks, to dwell

With such a one as thee.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS
SHADED ?

F. MOORE.]

[Air—"Sly Patrick."

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,

As clouds o'er the morning fleet ?

Too fast have those young days faded,

That even in sorrow were sweet ?

Does Time with his cold wings wither

Each feeling that once was dear ?

Come, child of misfortune ! come hither,

I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

Has love to that soul so tender
 Been like our Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendour
 All over the surface shine ?
But if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
Ah ! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like love, the bright ore is gone.

Has hope, like the bird in the story,
 That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
 Has hope been that bird to thee ?
On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
And when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away ?

If thus the sweet hours have fled,
 When sorrow herself look'd bright ;
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
 That led thee along so light,
If thus the unkind world wither
 Each feeling that once was dear ;
Come, child of misfortune ! come hither,
 I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

THE MAY-DEW.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

[To gather the dew from the flowers on May-morning, before the sun has risen, is reckoned a bond of peculiar power between lovers.]

COME with me, love, I'm seeking
 A spell in the young year's flowers ;
The magical May-dew is weeping
 Its charm o'er the summer bow'rs ;

Its pearls are more precious than those they find
In jewell'd India's sea ;
For the dew-drops, love, might serve to bind
Thy heart, for ever, to me !
Oh come with me, love, I'm seeking
A spell in the young year's flowers ;
The magical May-dew is weeping
Its charm o'er the summer bow'rs.

Haste, or the spell will be missing,
We seek in the May-dew now ;
For soon the warm sun will be kissing
The bright drops from blossom and bough :
And the charm is so tender the May-dew sheds
O'er the wild flowers' delicate dyes,
That e'en at the touch of the sunbeam, 'tis said,
The mystical influence flies.
Oh come with me, love, I'm seeking
A spell in the young year's flowers ;
The magical May-dew is weeping
Its charm o'er the summer bow'rs.

ROME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by E. J. LODGE.]

I STOOD in Rome's deserted streets,
And from the depths of time
A voice came forth—that seemed to speak
Of Rome when in her prime ;
The spirits of the heroes were
Awakened by the strain ;
The living dead around me stood,
The Cæsar lived again !
Methought a thousand torches blazed
And lit th' imperial dome,
While myriad forms their voices raised
And hailed the Eternal Rome !

I stood in Rome's deserted walls !
The vision passed away :
The grandeur of her princely halls
Was changed to cold decay.
Upon the Tiber's silent wave
I marked no galley's prow,
The very tombs that shroud thy brave,
Oh ! Rome—are ruins now !
Yet mightiest in thy fall, thou still
Art grandeur's proudest home,
A thousand spells thy temples fill
Thou great—Eternal Rome.

THEY TALK OF DALES.

THEY talk of dales and hills in Wales,
By nature sweetly dress'd,
But there's a cot within one spot
Surpassing all the rest ;
There Gwineth dwelt when Owen felt
The power of Cupid's dart,
For look ye now, 'tis he knows how
To pierce the hardest heart.
They talk of dales, &c.

The maid was proud, a splendid crowd
Of nobles sought her hand ;
While Owen's wealth was heart and health,
And skill to till the land ;
But Gwineth frown'd until she found
The power of Cupid's dart,
For look ye now, he best knows how
To touch the hardest heart.
They talk of dales, &c.

Report had told that Gwineth's gold
Through treachery had fail'd,
Her fickle train no more remain,
But Owen's truth prevail'd :

Thus Gwineth found tho' fortune frown'd
The power of Cupid's dart,
Who look ye now, alone knows how
To touch the hardest heart.
They talk of dales, &c.

LOVELY NIGHT.

FOUR PART SONG.

LOVELY night, oh ! lovely night,
Spreading over hill and meadow,
Soft and slow thy hazy shadow,
Soon our wearied eyelids close,
And slumber in thy blest repose.]
Soon our wearied eyelids close,
And slumber in thy blest repose.

Holy night, oh ! holy night,
Placing brighter worlds before us ;
Happiness thou shed'st o'er us ;
Oh ! that we might ne'er return,
To this dull earth to weep and mourn !
Oh that we might ne'er return,
To this dull earth to weep and mourn !

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

[T. MOORE.]

OH ! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower,
The lord of the valley with false vows came ;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
The clouds past soon
From the chaste cold moon,

And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame ;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway,
Where the lord of the valley cross'd over the moor ;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint,
Showed the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.
The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Ev'ry trace on the path where the false lord came ;
But there's a light above
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LISTEN.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music by S. LOVER.*

How sweet 'tis to listen when some one may tell
Of the friend that we love and remember so well,
While, 'midst the soft pleasure, we wonder if thus
The friend so beloved ever thinks upon us ;
While the eye with the dew of affection may glisten,
How sweet to the praise of the loved one to listen !
Sweet, sweet 'tis to listen !

How sweet 'tis to listen when soft music floats
O'er the calm lake below, in some favourite notes,
Whose intervals sweet waken slumbering thought,
And we listen—altho' not quite sure that we ought ;
While the soul-melting moonlight o'er calm waters
glisten,
How sweet, but how fatal it may be to listen !
Sweet, sweet 'tis to listen !

How sweet 'tis to listen, with too willing ear,
 To words that we wish for, yet tremble to hear,
 To which 'No' would be cruel, and 'Yes' would be
 weak,

And an answer is not on the lip, but the cheek ;
 While in eloquent pauses the eyes brightly glisten,—
 Take care what you say, and take care how you listen.
 Take care how you listen—take care !

THE ENCHANTED LAKE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by F. N. CROUCH.

["There is in the west of Ireland a lake called the 'Enchanted Lake,' whose depths are the supposed habitations of the 'good people.' In this lake many young men had at various times been drowned, and what made the circumstance more remarkable was that their bodies were never found.

"People at length wondered at this, and at last it was supposed that the young men were not drowned at all, but that they were taken by the fairies and kept there for sweethearts—at any rate it was believed they were endowed with perpetual youth, and the place still bears the name of the Enchanted Lake."—*Irish Legends*.

OH ! linger not by that gloomy shore,
 The treasures beneath it come back no more,
 I know the beloved of thy heart is there,
 That he sunk in the wave, but why despair ?
 They do not die who have sunk below,
 'Tis but to the fairy-realm they go,
 Then, Norah dear, for thy lover's sake,
 Mourn not, he dwells in the fairy-lake.

NORAH ! thy Dennis, young and brave,
 When his boat went down in the closing wave,
 But under that wave, as the old wives say,
 Is thel and of youth, where's no decay ;
 Then, Norah, think that his young bright form
 Shall never decay 'mid time and storm,
 And mourn no more for his own dear sake,
 He dwells below—in the fairy-lake.

RIVALRY IN LOVE.

WILLIAM WALSH.]

[Music by Dr. BOYCE.]

Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst ;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst !
By partners of each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow ;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are labouring in my breast,
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest.
How great soe'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope :
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

BARBARA ALLEN.

[Old English ditty.]

IN Scarlet-town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made ev'ry youth cry "well-a-way,"
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.
All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barb'ra Allen.
Then slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said, when there she came,
"Young man, I think ye're dying."

When he was dead and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow ;
" O mother, mother, pity me,
For I shall die to-morrow."
She on her death-bed as she lay,
Begg'd to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the day
That she did e'er deny him.
" Farewell," said she, " ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in ;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barb'ra Allen."

LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

J. B. PLANCHE.]

[Music by T. COOKE.]

GENTLE Zitella, whither away !
Love's ritornella, list while I play.
No, I have lingered too long on the road,
Night is advancing, the brigand's abroad.
Lovely Zitella hath too much to fear,
Love's ritornella she may not hear.

Charming Zitella, why shouldst thou care ?
Night is not darker than thy raven hair ;
And those starry eyes, if the brigand should see,
Thou art the robber, the captive is he.
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear,
Love's ritornella tarry and hear.

Simple Zitella, beware, oh, beware !
List ye no ditty, grant ye no prayer ;
To thy light footsteps let terror add wings,
'Tis Massaroni himself who now sings.
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear,
Love's ritornella tarry and hear.

THE ALBION.

[CHARLES DIDDIE, the younger.]

THE Albion is a noble ship,
Her colours are true blue,
Her hull is royal heart of oak,
And heart of oak her crew;
Her rigging's tight for every tack,
Her plank without a starter,
The gallant union is her jack,
Her sheathing Magna Charta. |

How gallantly she bears her port,
The ocean's pride and dread ;
The envied cap of liberty
Adorns her glorious head :
Her pride is commerce to increase,
In war she is no starter ;
But may she anchor long in peace,
Secured by Magna Charta !

MY OLD MATE JACK.

J. P. ALFORD.]

[Air—"My old friend John."]

'Tis many years, my old mate Jack,
Since you and I set sail ;
On board the trim built seventy-four,
We've weathered the stormy gale.
We've served our country, king and queen,
With hearts light as a feather ;
And yet it seems not long ago,
Since we were tars together.

CHORUS.

Since we were tars, jolly Jack tars,
Since we were tars together :
And yet it seems not long ago,
Since we were tars together.

We did our duty, old mate Jack,
When we had both our legs ;
But now we are reduced to one,
Except our wooden pegs.
And yet we both can stump about,
In spite of wind or weather ;
As jovial as we did, mate Jack,
When we were tars together.
When we were tars, &c.

If called upon again, mate Jack,
True courage we will show ;
We'll do our best to cut them down,
The hostile daring foe.
For tho' we're growing aged, Jack,
We've stout hearts tough as leather ;
And ready as in days of yore,
When we were tars together.
When we were tars, &c.

THE SEA-SAND GRAVE.

G. RANSOME.]

[Music by E. F. ALLEN.]

HE sleeps beneath the ocean shore,
But who can tell his grave ?
No marble monument is o'er ;
His dirge the foaming wave ;
Nought but the sea-bird's piercing cry,
The angry billows' roar,
Is heard around his destiny,
Or sounded on the shore.

Ye crested billows, gently roll ;
He lies entomb'd beneath ;
Ye made his lonely sepulchre,
And form'd his bed, sweet heath !
Should e'er a friend come nigh his tomb,
Tho' all around be drear,
Then pretty flower, in kindness bloom,
To tell he sleepeth here.

THE FLAG OF OLD ENGLAND.

W. WEST.]

[*Music by W. WEST*]

THE flag of old England is waving,
Once more o'er the wide rolling sea,
Stem by stem with brave France, our bold
neighbour,
Unite, we can thrash any three.
We spin no yarns nor palaver,
But go steady on to our work,
And can fight, though for peace we had rather,
And in friendship meet Russian and Turk.

But if neither will listen to reason,
And will argufy, wrangle, and brawl,
On the great Bear we'll soon put a muzzle,
And make him his colours down haul.
If our Lion should roar, how he'd tremble,
Or the Eagle of France flap her wing ;
Side by side we will stand till we conquer,
While the war-cry and tocsin will ring.

Long, long may our nations e'er flourish,
In concord, in peace ever be ;
May their power remain undiminished,
The rulers by land and by sea.
While the bright star of peace sheds her blessing,
On the ploughshare and clustering vine,
No discord or anarchy 'll sever,
The hands and the hearts that combine.

THE BALTIC.

CHARLES JEFFERYS.]

[*Music by C. W. GLOVER.*]

To the Baltic's broad billows we go, boys,
To pull crafty Old Nicholas down ;
And the braver and stronger the foe, boys,
Why the greater will be our renown.

We have gallant old Charley to lead us,
To the hearts of true sailors he's dear ;
And whenever our country may need us,
May we fight 'neath the flag of Napier.

Do you think we shall ever forget, boys,
How the Queen came to bid us good-bye,
And she knew by the shouts that she met, boys,
Ev'ry man there would conquer or die.
Why there isn't a press'd man among us,
So Old England has nothing to fear ;
For our maxim is " don't go to wrong us,"
And we'll fight to the death with Napier.

Let 'em say not, You shall serve, but Will you
And whenever Old England's a foe,
There are jolly Jack-tars by the thousand
Ever ready and willing to go.
And the heart and the arm will be stronger,
When like us, boys, they both volunteer,
And the laurels will last all the longer,
As you'll hear from old Charley Napier.

CONSTANCY REWARDED.

[CHARLES DIEDIN.]

BLEAK was the morn when William left his Nancy,
The fleecy snow frown'd on the whiten'd shore,
Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,
When she her sailor from her bosom tore.
To his fill'd heart, a little Nancy pressing,
Whilst a young tar the ample trousers eyed,
In need of firmness, in this state distressing,
Will check'd the rising sigh, and fondly cried,
Ne'er fear the perils of the fickle ocean,
Sorrow's all a notion, grief all in vain ;
Sweet love, take heart, for we but part
In joy, in joy to meet again.

Loud blew the wind, when, leaning on that willow,
Where the dear name of William printed stood,
Nancy, she saw upon a faithless billow,
A ship dash'd 'gainst a rock that topp'd the flood.
Her tender heart, with frantic sorrow thrilling,
Wild as the storm that howl'd along the shore ;
No longer could resist a stroke so killing,
'Tis he, she cried, nor shall I see him more !
Why did he ever trust the fickle ocean ?
Sorrow's now my portion, and misery and pain ;
Break, break, poor heart, for now we part,
Never, no never to meet again !

Mild was the eve, all nature was smiling,
Four tedious years had Nancy passed in grief ;
Whilst with her children the sad hours beguiling,
She saw her William fly to her relief ;
Sunk in his arms ! with bliss she quickly found him,
Soon she return'd to life, to love, and joy ;
Whilst his grown young ones anxiously surround him,
And now Will clasps his girl, and now his boy.
Did not I say, tho' it was a fickle ocean,
Sorrow's all a notion, grief all in vain !
My joy, how sweet ! for now we meet,
Never, no never, to part again.

FOR ENGLAND AND THE QUEEN.

[*Music by T. WILLIAMS.*]

OUR gallant ship has righted, spread her canvas to the
gale,
For right astern fair breezes blow, and loose the
flowing sail ;
We've got a trusty helmsman, a pilot stanch and true,
And hearts of British oak, my boys, are old Britannia's
crew !
Huzza ! huzza ! for old Britannia's crew, my boys,
huzza ! huzza !

Long live our noble admiral, who taught the foreign
 foe
 The inborn might of heart and hand that strikes a
 British blow ;
 For now who'll dare in east or west to raise a hostile
 hand
 Against the Prince of Heroes, or against his patriot
 band !

Huzza, huzza, &c.

Then hoist the royal standard, upraise the Union Jack,
 Strike, strike the traitor's bunting, the pirate's rag of
 black !
 And let the true blue pennon on her mainmast head
 be seen,
 And give three hearty cheers, my boys, for England
 and the Queen !

Huzza, huzza, &c.

Again we'll rule the waters as we ruled them once of
 yore,
 Again we'll bear the ancient flag, that old Britannia
 bore ;
 She's bravely mann'd at every point, with men that
 know not fear,
 Then give three hearty British cheers for Admiral
 Napier.

Huzza, huzza, &c.

HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER.

[JOHN GAY.]

How happy could I be with either,
 Were t'other dear charmer away !
 But while you thus tease me together,
 To neither one word can I say.

THE SAILOR'S LADY.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

[Air—Scotch.

COME, busk you gallantlie,
Busk and make you ready,
Maiden, busk and come,
And be a sailor's lady.
The foamy ocean's ours,
From Hebride to Havannah,
And thou shalt be my queen,
And reign upon it, Anna.

See my bonnie ship,
So stately and so steady ;
Thou shalt be my queen,
And the main be my lady :
The west wind in her wings,
The deep sea all in motion,
Away she glorious goes
And crowns me king of ocean.

The merry lads are mine,
From Thames, and Tweed, and Shannon ;
The Bourbon flowers grow pale
When I hang out my pennon ;
I'll win thee gold and gems
With pike and cutlass clashing,
With all my broad sails set
And all my cannon flashing.

Come with me and see
The golden islands glowing,
Come with me and hear
The flocks of India lowing ;
Thy fire shall be of spice,
The dews of eve drop manna,
Thy chamber floor of gold,
And men adore thee, Anna.

THE NIGHT STORM AT SEA.

EPES SARGENT.]

[Music by DEMPSTER.]

'TIS a dreary thing to be
Tossing on the wide, wide sea,
When the sun has set in clouds,
And the wind sighs through the shrouds,
With a voice and with a tone
Like a living creature's moan !

Look ! how wildly swells the surge
Round the black horizon's verge !
See the giant billows rise
From the ocean to the skies !
While the sea-bird wheels his flight
O'er their streaming crests of white.

List ! the wind is wakening fast !
All the sky is overcast !
Lurid vapours, hurrying, trail
In the pathway of the gale,
As it strikes us with a shock
That might rend the deep-set rock !

Falls the strain'd and shiver'd mast !
Spars are scatter'd by the blast !
And the sails are split asunder,
As a cloud is rent by thunder ;
And the struggling vessel shakes,
As the wild sea o'er her breaks.

Ah ! what sudden light is this,
Blazing o'er the dark abyss ?
Lo ! the full moon rears her form
'Mid the cloud-rifts of the storm,
And athwart the troubled air
Shines, like hope upon despair !

Every leaping billow gleams
With the lustre of her beams,
And lifts high its fiery plume
Through the midnight's parting gloom ;
While its scatter'd flakes of gold
O'er the sinking deck are roll'd.

Father ! low on bended knee,
Humbled, weak, we turn to thee !
Spare us, 'mid the fearful fight
Of the raging winds to-night !
Guide us o'er the threatening wave :
Save us ! Thou alone canst save !

OH ! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Sheela Na Guira."

OH ! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone ;
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bow'rs,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flow'rs ;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day ;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime
We should love as they lov'd in the first golden time ;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there !
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers ;
And with hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

UP, QUIT THY BOWER.

UP ! quit thy bower, late wears the hour ;
Long have the rooks caw'd round thy tower ;
On flower and tree loud hums the bee,
The wilding kid sports merrily :
A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,
Shineth when good fortune's near.

Up ! lady fair, and braid thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air ;
The lulling stream, that sooth'd thy dream,
Is dancing in the sunny beam ;
And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,
Will waft good fortune on its way.

BOATMAN'S SONG.

[ANNA BLACKWELL.]

SOFTLY, oh, softly the shadows are falling
Over the stream as our bark glides along ;
Sweetly, oh, sweetly the echoes are calling,
Around us, above us, repeating our song.
" Daylight is ending, our labour is o'er ;
Our homes and our loved ones we seek on the shore ;
Even and strong be the sweep of our oar !
Our homes and our loved ones we'll find on the shore !"

Brightly, oh, brightly, the silver stars gleaming,
Lighten the wave as our bark shoots along ;
Nearer, oh, nearer, the watchfires are beaming ;
Raise we in chorus our glad even-song !
" Daylight is ended, our labour is o'er !
Swiftly, O, loved ones ! we row to the shore !
Even and strong was the sweep of our oar,
And light are our hearts as we leap on the shore !

THE MATIN CALL.

G. LINLEY.]

[Music by G. LINLEY.]

AH ! is it not the matin bell, dear mother, that I hear ?
Yes, hark, it sweetly sounds again, now louder and
more clear.

Ope wide the window, for I love each soft and soothing
tone,

It minds me of a joyous time, alas ! for ever gone.

Draw back the curtain, let me see the green and waving
trees,

My heart will be revived to share the sunshine and
the breeze.

I heard the sound of rustling leaves, and wild birds
gaily sing ;

I feel the breath of op'ning flow'rs a fragrance round
me fling :

But I must part from all I love, this pain will soon be
past.

Oh, kneel beside me, mother dear, and let me look my
last !

When next you hear the matin bell, this heart at peace
will be ;

Then listen to its solemn chime, and breathe a pray'r
for me.

OH ! WHEN THE TIDE WAS OUT.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[Music by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

OH ! when the tide was out last night

In yonder bay we roved,

We gather'd shells, and on the sand

We wrote the names we loved ;

And now we wander forth to find

No friendly records there ;

The morning tide effaced the words

We wrote with so much care.

L

'Tis thus with all whose glory rests
Upon the sands of earth ;
In vain is all the pomp of pride,
As vain the smiles of mirth ;
The ceaseless tide at intervals
Will rush o'er all the scene ;
'Twill pass—and not a record then
Will tell where they have been.

OUR SAILORS AND OUR SHIPS.

[ELIZA COOK.]

How dashing in sun and light the frigate makes her
way ;
Her white sails spreading full and bright beneath the
gleaming ray !
The gale may wake, but she will take whatever wind
may come ;
Fit car to bear the ocean-god upon his crystal home.
She cleaves the tide with might and pride, like war-
horse freed from rein ;
She treats the wave like abject slave—the empress of
the main ;
All, all shall mark the gallant bark, their hearts upon
their lips ;
And cry “ Old England, who shall match thy sailors
and thy ships ? ”

Stout forms, strong arms, and dauntless spirits dwell
upon the deck ;
True to their cause in calm or storm, in battle or in
wreck.
No foe will meet a coward hand, faint heart or quailing
eye :
They only know to fall or stand, to live the brave or
die.

The flag that carries round the world a Nelson's victor
 name
 Must never shield a dastard knave or strike in craven
 shame.
 Let triumph scan her blazing page, no record shall
 eclipse
 The glory of old England's Cross, her sailors and her
 ships.

 The tempest breath sweeps o'er the sea with howlings
 of despair,
 Death walks upon the waters, but the tar must face
 and bear :
 The bullets hiss, the broadside pours, 'mid sulphur,
 blood, and smoke,
 And prove a British crew and craft alike are hearts of
 oak.
 Oh ! ye who live 'mid fruit and flowers—the peaceful,
 safe, and free—
 Yield up a prayer for those who dare the perils of the
 sea.
 "God and our Right !" those are the words e'er first
 upon our lips ;
 But next shall be, "Old England's flag, our sailors
 and our ships !"

TELL ME NO MORE.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[Music by JOHN BRAHAM.]

TELL me no more that hearts less warm,
 Feel not the sorrows felt by me ;
 Passing unmoved by sun and storm
 Over a tranquil sea :
 Mine be the heart which feeling sways ;
 Tho' like the ocean's varied form—
 Tranquil and bright in sunny days,
 Ruffled in hours of storm.

Dark as a stream whose waters run
 Under the earth in hidden caves,
 Where the warm rays of summer's sun
 Never illumed the waves ;
 Such is the calm of those who rove,
 Link'd to no being truly dear,
 While not a cheering ray of love
 Brightens their cold career.

THE NAUTILUS.

PARK BENJAMIN.]

[Music by H. RUSSELL.]

THE *Nautilus* ever loves to glide
 Upon the crest of the radiant tide.
 When the sky is clear and the wave is bright,
 Look over the sea for a lovely sight !
 You may watch, and watch for many a mile,
 And never see *Nautilus* all the while,
 Till, just as your patience is nearly lost,
 Lo ! there is a bark in the sunlight toss'd !

"Sail, ho ! and whither away so fast ?"
 What a curious thing she has rigg'd for a mast !
 "Ahoy ! ahoy ! don't you hear our hail ?"
 How the breeze is swelling her gossamer sail !
 The good ship *Nautilus*—yes, 'tis she !
 Sailing over the gold of the placid sea ;—
 And though she will never deign reply,
 I could tell her hull with the glance of an eye.

Now, I wonder where *Nautilus* can be bound ;
 Or does she always sail round and round,
 With the fairy queen and her court on board,
 And mariner-sprites, a glittering horde ?
 Does she roam and roam till the evening light ?
 And where does she go in the deep midnight ?
 So crazy a vessel could hardly sail,
 Or weather the blow of "a fine stiff gale."

O, the self same hand that holds the chain,
Which the ocean binds to the rocky main—
Which guards from 'the wreck when the tempest raves,
And the stout ship reels on the surging waves—
Directs the course of thy little bark,
And in the light of the shadow dark,
And near the shore, or far at sea,
Makes safe a billowy path for thee!

BOAT SONG.

[C. F. HOFFMAN.]

WE court no gale with wooing sail,
We fear no squall a-brewing ;
Seas smooth or rough, skies fair or bluff,
Alike our course pursuing.
For what to us are winds, when thus
Our merry boat is flying,
While bold and free, with jocund glee,
Stout hearts her oars are plying ?

At twilight dun, when red the sun
Far o'er the water flashes,
With buoyant song, our bark along
Her crimson pathway dashes.
And when the night devours the light,
And shadows thicken o'er us,
The stars steal out, the skies about
To dance to our bold chorus.

Sometimes near shore we ease our oar,
While beauty's sleep invading,
To watch the beam through her casement gleam,
As she wakes to our serenading ;
Then with the tide we floating glide
To music soft, receding,
Or drain one cup, to her fill'd up
For whom those notes are pleading.

Thus, on and on, till the night is gone,
 And the garish dawn is breaking,
 While landsmen sleep, we boatsmen keep -
 The soul of frolic waking.
 And though cheerless then our craft look, when
 To her moorings day hath brought her,
 By the moon amain she is launch'd again
 To dance o'er the merry water.

SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

E. FITZBALL.]

[*Music by W. V. WALLACE.*

SCENES that are brightest
 May charm awhile,
 Hearts that are lightest,
 And eyes that smile ;
 Yet o'er them above us,
 Though nature beam,
 With none to love us,
 How sad they seem !

Words cannot scatter
 The thoughts we fear,
 For though they flatter,
 They mock the ear ;
 Hopes still deceive us
 With tearful cost,
 And when they leave us,
 The heart is lost.

SLUMBER, DEAREST, SWEETLY SLUMBER.

W. H. GODFREY.]

[*Music by INGLIS BERVON.*

SLUMBER, dearest, sweetly slumber,
 Rest secure, no danger fear ;
 Joys and blessings without number
 Wait thy waking, lady dear.

Visions of a happy morrow,
 Dreams without a cloud of sorrow,
 Through the silent hours be thine.
 Rest thee sweetly, lady mine,

Gently o'er thy pillow blending,
 Stars their softest light disclose ;
 Moonlit rills, melodious blending,
 Woo thee, dearest, to repose.

Visions of a happy morrow,
 Dreams without a cloud of sorrow,
 Through the silent hours be thine.
 Rest thee sweetly, lady mine.

Placid slumber's chain hath bound thee
 With her rosy fetters light ;
 Thoughts of love are all around thee,—
 Guardian spirits of the night.

Visions of a happy morrow,
 Dreams without a cloud of sorrow,
 Through the lonely hours be thine.
 Peace be with thee, lady mine.

LIFE'S ROSY HOURS!

A. BURN.]

[Music by M. W. BALFE.

RECITATIVE.

THE rosy hours of this life are but few,
 For they die in their birth e'en ; as showers
 Which the morning's first dew
 Weeps on the earth as the sun displays
 His rising ray.

AIR.

Then silly is the heart that grieveth,
 Over the pangs their absence leaveth,
 Which there is no preventing ;
 When after all 'tis doubtful whether
 Their pleasures, blended altogether,
 Are even worth lamenting.

Then silly is the heart that grieveth,
Over the pangs their absence leaveth,
Which there is no preventing,
Which there is no preventing.

AL O F T.

JAMES COBB.]

[Music by STORACE.]

FROM aloft the sailor looks around,
And hears below the murmuring billows' sound :
Far off from home he counts another day,
Wide o'er the seas the vessel bears away !
 His courage wants no whet,
 But he springs the sails to set,
With heart as fresh as rising breeze of May ;
 And caring nought
 He turns his thought
To his lovely Sue or his charming Bet.

Now to heaven the lofty topmast soars,
The stormy blast like dreadful thunder roars ;
Now ocean's deepest gulfs appear below,
The curling surges foam, and down we go !
 When skies and seas are met
 They his courage serve to whet,
With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May ;
 And dreading nought
 He turns his thought
To his lovely Sue or his charming Bet.

THE FISHER BOY JOLLILY LIVES.

[ELIZA COOK.]

MERRILY oh ! merrily oh !
 The nets are spread out to the sun !
Merrily oh ! the fisher boy sings,
 Right glad that his labour is done.

Happy and gay with his boat in the bay,
The storm and the danger forgot ;
The wealthy and great may repine at their state,
And envy the fisher boy's lot.
Merrily oh ! merrily oh !
This is the burden he gives :
" Cheerily oh ! though the blast may blow,
The fisher boy jollily lives !"

Merrily oh ! merrily oh !
He sleeps till the morning breaks ;
Merrily oh ! at the seagull's scream
The fisher boy quickly awakes :
Down on the strand he is plying his hand,
His shouting is heard again ;
The clouds are dark but he springs to his bark,
With the same light-hearted strain.
Merrily oh, &c.

SAFELY FOLLOW HIM.

D. TERRY.]

[*Music by T. COOKE.*

FOLLOW him, nor fearful deem
Danger lurks in gipsy guile ;
Rude and lawless though we seem,
Simple hearts we bear the while.
Then, no robber fierce nor thief we fear,
Who's roused by night in savage den ;
Fearless, then, o'er mosses drear,
Barren wilds, and lonesome glen,
Safely follow him, safely follow him,
Safely, safely follow him.

From rustic swains the petty bribe,
Petty spoil from cot or farm,
Content the wandering gipsy tribe,
Who the traveller never harm.
Then, no robber fierce, &c.

THE WOLF IS OUT.

D. TERRY.]

[Music by T. COOKE.]

ARM, brothers, arm ! the wolf is out,
 The country's up and the bowmen shout !
 The shepherd leaves his fleecy care,
 The glorious sport of the day to share ;
 Night is fled, and the morn is grey—
 Arm, brothers, arm, to the chase away !
 Arm, brothers, arm, to the chase away !

In yonder thicket, close and dark,
 Softly tread, and careful mark :
 'Tis there the wolf is wont to prowl—
 And, hark, I hear the savage howl
 Often, in the dead of night,
 When to sleep our toils invite,
 His horrid yell fond mothers hear,
 And closer press their infants dear.

Hence to the field, and the savage soon
 Shall cease to bay the cloudless moon ;
 No more to range our fields for food,
 Or welter in the trav'ler's blood.

No more to range, &c.

THE YEOMEN OF ENGLAND.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[Air—Old English.]

IN England, when the curfew bell
 Proclaim'd the Norman sway,
 Oh, then it rang the parting knell
 Of freedom pass'd away.
 For the yeoman then,
 With his trusty men,
 Oft ploughed the battle-plain ;
 And his flocks were kept
 Where the warrior slept—
 May we ne'er see the like again !

Those iron days are past and gone ;
Then came the sunny days,
When all the royal favour shone
On good old English ways.
Then the days were blest,
For the land had rest,
Ner labour toil'd in vain :
Both in cot and hall,
They were merry all—
May we soon see the like again !

Then hope the farmer's cares beguiled,
His flocks were on the hill,
His crops around the valley smiled,
And merry went the mill.
Then the peasant sang,
Till the echoes rang,
As he reap'd the golden grain ;
For a feast to come
Was the harvest-home—
May we soon see the like again !

May peace be still the yeoman's lot,
His garners well be stored ;
May peace be in the peasant's cot,
And plenty crown his board.
May England flourish great and free,
Her commerce long maintain ;
And the good old ways
Of the bygone days,
May we soon see the like again !

OUR BONNY ENGLISH ROSE.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[Music by S. NELSON.]

OLD England's emblem is the rose :
There is no other flower
Hath half the graces that adorn
This beauty of the bower ;

And England's daughters are as fair
As any bud that blows :
What son of hers who has not lov'd
Some bonny English Rose ?

Who hath not heard of one sweet flower,
The first among the fair,
For whose welfare a British heart
Hath breath'd a fervent prayer?
Oh, may it never be her lot
To lose that sweet repose,
That peace of mind, which blesses now
The bonny English Rose !

If any bold enough there be
To war 'gainst England's isle,
They soon shall find, for British hearts,
What charms hath woman's smile !
Thus nerv'd, the thunder of their arms
Would teach aspiring foes
How vain the power that defies
The bonny English Rose !

Now heaven decrees her to the throne ;
'Twill be the nation's prayer
That in each joy she hath not known,
Her heart may ever share ;
That health may long light up her brow,
And, as time onward flows,
It still may be our pride to sing,
"The bonny English Rose !"

Beneath her sway may every land,
Where she dominion holds,
Be happy as the glorious isle
Where freedom's flag unfolds ;
From sea to shore, from shore to sea,
The song of gladness flows :
And oh, may heaven for ever bless
The bonny English Rose !

WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Garryowen."

WE may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest ;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west ;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We need never leave our native isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you
roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, placed within call ;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.
Oh ! they want the wild sweetbriary fence
Which round the flower of Erin dwells ;
Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you
roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye,
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of wee and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.

Then, remember, wherever the goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you
 roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh ! remember the smiles that adorn her at home.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Thy fair bosom."

NIGHT clos'd around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still !
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—
 Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honour's lost ?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
 And valour's task, mov'd slowly by,
 While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die.
 There's yet a world where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh ! who would live a slave in this ?

A SPELL IS HANGING O'ER ME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Air—Italian.

A SPELL is hanging o'er me,
 A fate seems on me now ;
 Joys fleet away before me,
 Some curse hangs on my brow.
 The path is dark and dreary
 That my steps must wander o'er,
 Like a pilgrim faint and weary,
 To a bleak, unfriendly shore.

But thy form is ever near me,
Though I wander far away ;
Like a star of hope to cheer me
With its soft and glad'ning ray,
And when my spirit ponders
On each passing scene of pain,
That light around me wanders,
And calms my soul again.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEE, TOM MOORE.

[LORD BYRON.]

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea ;
But ere I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee !

Here's a sigh for those I love,
And a smile for those I hate ;
And, whatever sky's above,
Here's a heart for any fate.

Though the ocean roars around me,
It still shall bear me on ;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were it the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirits fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink !

In that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be " Peace to thee and thine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore."

THE WAVING GREENWOOD TREE.

G. LINLEY.]

[Music by LINLEY.]

Now by the waving greenwood tree

We merry, merry warriors roam ;

Careless and jovial, ever free,

We hail our native home !

We roam beneath fair Cynthia's light,

Or, hiding in the shade,

Telling soft tales of true delight

To some lovely woodland maid.

Now by the waving, &c.

Now by the waving greenwood tree

We merry, merry warriors roam ;

Careless and jovial, ever free,

We hail our native home !

We quaff not, we quaff not the red, red wine,

But our nut-brown ale is good ;

For the song and the dance of the great we ne'er pine,

While the rough winds are our choristers rude.

WHEN FORCED FROM DEAR HEBE
TO GO.

SHENSTONE.]

[Music by DR. ARNE.]

WHEN forced from dear Hebe to go,

What anguish I felt at my heart !

And I thought, but it might not be so,

She was sorry to see me depart ;

She cast such a languishing view,

My path I could scarcely discern,

So sweetly she bade me adieu,

I thought that she bade me return.

I thought she might like to retire

To the grove I had labour'd to rear ;

For whatever I heard her admire,

I hasten'd and planted it there.

Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she says,
I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now ere I haste to the plain,
Come, shepherds, and talk of her ways :
I could lay down my life for the swain
That would sing me a song in her praise ;
While he sings may the maids of the town
Come flocking and listen awhile ;
Nor on him let Hebe once frown,—
But I cannot allow her to smile.

To see, when my charmer goes by,
Some hermit peep out of his cell :
How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,
How fondly he wishes her well !
On him she may smile if she please,
'Twill warm the cold bosom of age ;
But cease, gentle Hebe, oh ! cease,—
Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow
To paint the dear charms I approve,
For what can a blossom bestow,
So sweet, so delightful, as love ?
I sing in a rustical way,
A shepherd and one of the throng ;
Yet, Hebe approves of my lay ;
Go poets, and envy my song.

JOE OF THE BELL.

AROUND the face of blue-eyed Sue
Did auburn ringlets curl ;
Her coral lips seem'd dipped in dew ;
Her teeth two rows of pearl.

Joe of the Bell, whose wine they said
Was new in cask as he in trade,
Espoused this nonpareil.
"You keep the bar," says Joe, "my dear,
But be obliging, Sue, d'ye hear,
And prove to all who love good cheer
They're welcome to the Bell."

A London rider chanced to slip
Behind the bar to dine,
And found sweet Susan's yielding lip
Much mellower than her wine.
As Joe stepped in, he stamp'd, and swore
He'd dust his jacket well ;
"Hey-day !" says Sue, "what's this, I trow ?
You bade me be obliging, Joe !—
I'm only proving to the beau
He's welcome to the Bell."

I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by HENRY FARMER.]

I'LL follow thee, I'll follow thee,
Wherever thou mayst go,
To the land of burning sunshine
Or the realm of winter snow ;
For the world is not as boundless
As a woman's heart can be,
So, wherever thou mayst wander,
I will follow, follow thee !

I'll follow thee, I'll follow thee,
Whatever thou may'st prize,
Of fame or grandeur to be won
Beneath the alien skies ;
For the world owns no such treasure
As a faithful heart can be,
Then, wherever thou may'st wander,
I will follow, follow thee !

I'll follow thee, I'll follow thee,
Whatever thou mayst bear,
For there cannot be a danger
That a true heart would not share ;
Then whate'er of joy or sorrow
In thy future lot may be—
Love shall haunt you like your shadow,
For I'll follow, follow thee !

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

[ELIZA COOK.]

OUR bark was out—far, far from land,
When the fairest of our gallant band
Grew sadly pale, and waned away
Like the twilight of an autumn day.
We watched him through long hours of pain ;
But our cares were lost, our hopes were vain,
Death brought for him no coward alarm ;
For he smiled as he died on a messmate's arm.

He had no costly winding-sheet,
But we placed a round shot at his feet ;
And he slept in his hammock as safe and sound
As a king in his lawn shroud, marble-bound.
We proudly deck'd his funeral vest
With the English flag about his breast ;
We gave him that as the badge of the brave,
And then he was fit for his sailor's grave.

Our voices broke—our hearts turned weak—
Hot tears were seen on the brownest cheek—
And a quiver play'd on the lips of pride,
As we lowered him down the ship's dark side.
A plunge—a splash—and our task was o'er ;
The billows roll'd as they roll'd before ;
But many a rude prayer hallowed the wave
That closed above the sailor's grave.

O, RUDDIER THAN THE CHERRY.

[*Music by G. F. HANDEL.*]

RECITATIVE.

I RAGE ! I melt ! I burn !
 The feeble god has stabb'd me to the heart !
 Thou trusty pine, prop of my godlike steps,
 I lay thee by.
 Bring me a hundred reeds, of decent growth
 To make a pipe for my capacious mouth ;
 In soft, enchanting accents let me breathe
 Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

AIR.

O, ruddier than the cherry !
 O, sweeter than the berry !
 O nymph, more bright than moonshine night,
 Like kidlings blithe and merry.
 Ripe as the melting cluster,
 No lily has such lustre,
 Yet hard to tame as raging flame,
 And fierce as storms that bluster.

VOICE OF MUSIC.

HON. MRS. NORTON.]

[*Music by HON. MRS. NORTON.*

VOICE of music sweetly falling,
 Oh, how deep and true thy spell !
 Songs of welcome, songs of triumph,
 Tender lays of fond farewell.
 Manhood loves thy martial measure,
 Age would fain thy notes prolong,
 And the child's first sense of pleasure,
 Is the mother's cradle song.
 Soldiers worn and weak and weary,
 Marching on a foreign foe,
 Exiles faint and lone and dreary,
 Bending 'neath a weight of woe :

Would ye rouse those hearts desponding ?
Touch the harp with friendly hand ;
Sound the airs they knew in boyhood,
Music of their native land.

At the rich man's dazzling banquet.
In the poor man's cottage dim,
In the church whose solemn stillness,
Echoes back the chanted hymn,
When the blind with sweet notes waken,
One joy in their life of pain,
And in heaven mid quires of angels,
Voice of music sound again.

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Bob and Joan."

FILL the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions ;
So we, sages, sit,
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the heav'n of wit
Drawn down all its lightning !
Fill the bumper fair ! &c.

Wouldst thou know what first
 Made our souls inherit
 This ennobling thirst
 For wine's celestial spirit?
 It chanced upon that day
 When, as bards inform us,
 Prometheus stole away
 The living fires that warm us.
 Fill the bumper fair ! &c.

The careless youth, when up
 To glory's fount aspiring,
 Took nor urn nor cup
 To hide the pilfer'd fire in :—
 But oh ! his joy, when round
 The halls of heaven spying,
 Amongst the stars he found
 A bowl of Bacchus lying.
 Fill the bumper fair ! &c.

Some drops were in the bowl,
 Remains of last night's pleasure,
 With which the sparks of soul
 Mix'd their burning treasure !
 Hence the goblet's shower
 Hath such spells to win us,
 Hence its mighty power
 O'er that flame within us.
 Fill the bumper fair ! &c.

HOW LITTLE DO THE LANDSMEN KNOW.

ANONYMOUS.]

[~~Adm~~—Old English.

How little do the landmen know
 Of what we sailors feel,
 When waves do mount, and winds do blow,
 But we have hearts of steel :

No danger can affright us ;
No enemy shall flout ;
We'll make our foes to right us,
So toss the can about.

Stick to our orders, messmates ;
We'll plunder, burn, and sink !
Then let them bring their first-rates
For Britons never shrink :
We'll rummage all we fancy,
Will bring them in or sink,
And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
Shall revel in the chink.

While here at Deal we're lying,
With our noble commodore,
We'll spend our wages freely, boys,
And then to sea for more.
In peace we'll drink and sing boys,
In war we'll never fly,
But, whatever fate may bring, boys,
We'll nobly do or die !

AS FORTUNE'S BILLOWS HEAV'D.

[CHARLES DIDDIN.]

As fortune's billows heav'd me,
When shipwreck'd, on this shore
A little bark received me,
Without a mast or oar.

At random's mercy lying,
Hope, love, and life my freight ;
While ev'ry effort trying
To baffle with my fate.

This store so dearly cherish'd,
One single breaker cross'd :
I sunk ! my cargo perish'd,—
Hope, love, and life were lost.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Lough Sheeling."

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still
here ;

Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory and
shame ?

I knew not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art !

Thou hast call'd me thy angel, in moments of bliss,—
Still thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Through the furnace, unshrinking thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too !

WHO CARES ?

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

IF lubberly landsmen, to gratitude strangers,
Still curse their unfortunate stars,
Why what would they say did they try but the dangers
Encounter'd by true-hearted tars ?
If life's vessel they put 'fore the wind, or they tack
her,

Or whether bound here or there,
Give 'em sea-room, good fellowship, grog, and tobaccoer,
Well then, d— me, if Jack cares where.

Then your stupid old quidnuncs, to hear 'em all clatter,
The devil can't tell you what for,
Though they don't know a gun from a marline-spike,
chatter
About and consarning of war !

While for king, wife, and friend, he's through every-
thing rubbing,

With duty still proud to comply,
So he gives but the foes of old England a drubbing,
Why then, d— me, if Jack cares why.

And then, when good fortune has crown'd his en-
deavours,

And he comes home with shiners galore ;
Well, what if so be he should lavish his favours
On ev'ry poor object 'long shore ?
Since money's the needle that points to good-nature,
Friend, enemy, false or true,
So it goes to relieve a distressed fellow-creature,
Well then, d— me, if Jack cares who.

Don't you see how some diff'rent thing ev'ry one's
twigging,

To take the command of a rib ;
Some are all for the breast-work, and some for the
rigging,

And some for the cut of her jib ;
Though poor, some will take her in tow to defend her ;
And again, some are all for the rich ;
As for I, so she's young, her heart honest and tender,
Why then, d— me, if Jack cares which.

Why now, if they go for to talk about living,

My eyes, why a little will sarve :
Let each a small part of his pittance be giving,
And who in this nation can starve ?
Content's all the thing—rough or calm be the weather,
The wind on the beam or the bow,
So honestly he can splice both ends together,
Why then, d— me, if Jack cares how.

And then for a bring up, d'ye see about dying,

On which such a racket they keep,
What argufies if in a churchyard you're lying,
Or find out your grave in the deep ?

Of one thing we're certain, whatever our calling,
Death will bring us all up ; and what then !
So his conscience's tackle will bear overhauling,
Why then, d— me, if Jack cares when.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Air—"Smile again."

'Tis Christmas-time ! Away with reason,
For a while let folly reign,
Pleasure, too, should have its season,
Or we all have lived in vain ;
Fill the window-pane with holly,
Deck the room with mistletoe,—
'Cynics may call this a folly ;
Folly reigns ! then be it so !
'Tis Christmas-time ! Away with reason,
For awhile let folly reign,
Pleasure, too, should have its season,
Or we all have lived in vain !

'Tis Christmas-time, and household places
Once again are all restored,
Re-uniting absent faces
Round the happy household board ;
Childhood's passed—and boys have started
Suddenly, it seems, to men ;
But they still are merry-hearted,
So—let's all be boys again !
'Tis Christmas-time ! Away with reason,
For a while let folly reign,
Pleasure, too, should have its season,
Or we all have lived in vain !

'Tis Christmas-time,—I well remember
How, years back, some well-known song
Cheered the dreary, dark December,
When the winter nights were long :

Dearer than each new-formed measure,
Still that song of home shall be,
Bringing back each bygone pleasure,
When winter-time was spring to me !
'Tis Christmas-time ! Away with reason,
For a while let folly reign,
Pleasure, too, should have its season,
Or we all have lived in vain !

'Tis Christmas-time—the snow is clinging
To the branches stripped and sere,
And the wintry winds are singing
Dirges for the dying year ;
But we'll pile the yule log higher,
'Till it sparkle clear and bright,—
And thus, around our cheerful fire,
With song and wassail crown the night !
'Tis Christmas-time ! Away with reason,
For awhile let folly reign,
Pleasure, too, should have its season,
Or we all have lived in vain !

DUNCAN AND VICTORY.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

AGAIN the willing trump of fame
Receives from bounteous heav'n a claim
Around glad nature's sons to call,
And wake with wonder the terrestrial ball :
Strike shudd'ring France, and harrow'd Spain,
With Duncan's thunder, and Britannia's reign,
Confirm'd anew her empire o'er the main.
Sing, Britons, sing, prizing what fate has giv'n,
Union, content, and gratitude to heav'n.

October the eleventh, at nine,
Neptune beheld the British line :
And lest his honours, so long worn,
Should from our ever-conquering flag be torn,

M 2

Dismay to France, horror to Spain,
 Bade Duncan's thunder great Britannia's reign
 Proclaim anew—the sov'reign of the main.
 Sing, Britons, sing, &c.

Fate warred on that momentous day,—
 Three hours nine ships saw captur'd lay :
 Vain Holland's dream of pow'r's no more !
 Her conquer'd fleet shall grace the British shore.
 Droop, fearful France,—sink, trembling Spain,
 Duncan in thunder great Britannia's reign
 Proclaims anew—the sov'reign of the main.
 Sing, Britons, sing, &c.

HAPPINESS AND HOME.

[RICHARD HOWITT.]

TIME that's gone, none may restore it :
 Love, all hearts must bow before it :
 Goodness, we must still adore it,
 Whencesoe'er it come ;
 Whilst the heart in a heart
 Only finds a home.

Fires may be shining bright,
 Yet may be without delight:
 Only cheered by woman's sight
 There will gladness come :
 Only woman's love and light
 Make a hearth a home.

Then do thou, O youthful dame
 So thy soul in meekness frame
 That the whisper of thy name
 Fraught with gladness come :
 That both words may mean the same
 Happiness and home.

LOVE THEE, DEAREST, LOVE THEE!

[THOMAS MOORE.]

LOVE thee, dearest, love thee !
Yes, by yonder star I swear,
Which thro' tears, above thee
Shines so sadly fair,
Though too oft dim
With tears like him,
Like him my truth will shine ;
And love thee, dearest, love thee !
Yes—till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest, leave thee !
No—that star is not more true ;
When my vows deceive thee
He will wander too.
A cloud of night
May veil his light,
And death shall darken mine ;
But leave thee, dearest, leave thee !
No—till death I'm thine.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

[CHARLES SWAIN.]

BE kind to each other !—
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone !—
Then 'midst our dejection
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness—returned !—
When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps !—

Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove,—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love !—
Nor change with to-morrow
Should fortune take wing ;
But the deeper the sorrow
The closer still cling !—
Oh, be kind to each other !—
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone !

HOW PLEASANT IS THE FARMER'S LIFE.

W. C. BENNETT.]

[Air—"The British Grenadiers."]

How pleasant is the farmer's life ! away from smoky
towns

He breathes the pleasant country air of meadows, hills,
and downs,

And with a hale, old hearty age a healthy life he
crowns ;

And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

No prison'd life the farmer lives, bent over desk and
book,

Or cribb'd within a shop all day, till white and wan's
his look,

Till less like to a man he grows, and weaker than our
Suke ;

And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

As to your white-faced tradesman who fawns and
smirks and smiles,

Who cannot whirl a flail, boys, or walk a score of miles,
What is his life to ours, we who leap the gates and
stiles,

And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

Our arms are strong with labour, our cheeks are red
 with health,
 We never gain a penny'sworth by lying, trick or
 stealth,
 Yet cowhouse, sty and stackyard, show we have our
 share of wealth ;
 And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

How pleasant is the spring-time ! 'tis then we plough
 and sow,
 And through the shining mornings, beside our teams
 we go,
 While in the fields the lambkins leap and frisk their
 joy to show ;
 And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

How pleasant is the summer-time ! 'tis then we make
 our hay,
 And scythe and rake and fork and cart are busy all
 the day,
 'Tis then we shear our bleating sheep with laugh and
 joke and play ;
 And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

Then comes the pleasant autumn-time when sheaves
 are reap'd and bound.
 And, at our happy harvest-homes, the song and ale
 go round,
 And through the calm and quiet days our busy flails
 resound ;
 And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

And when our fields are stripp'd and bare, and white
 with sleet and snow,
 When work is done, beside the fire what merry nights
 we know,
 With Christmas cheer and New Year's games we set
 our hearts aglow ;
 And it's O, I'd be a farmer— a farmer I would be.

Then luck to all good farmers ! God send them still,
 I say,
 Good seasons, plenteous harvests, and all they want
 each day,
 Full barns, and folds and stackyards, and thankful
 hearts, I pray ;
 And its O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

THE BROKEN VOW.

From the German.]

{ *Air*—"Has sorrow thy young
 { days shaded?"—MOORE.

BRIGHT hopes o'er his heart were stealing,
 As she whispered a parting vow ;
 With joy was his bosom swelling,
 And a smile was upon his brow.
 He cross'd o'er the waste of waters,
 With a bosom light as the wave—
 The fairest of Baden's daughters
 Had smiled on the vows he gave.

In the lands of the foe and stranger,
 Long away from his home he roved ;
 He heeded no toil, no danger,
 When he thought on the maid he loved.
 With honour at length he sought her ;
 He came but to find her changed—
 For a miser's gold had bought her,
 And her love was from him estranged.

She had broken the vow she plighted,
 And his hopes all faded away,
 As flowers by the cold wind blighted,
 When the sun has withdrawn his ray.
 He fled from his home for ever,
 For the dreams of his youth were o'er ;
 But the fame of his deeds will never
 Be unsung on a distant shore !

HOME AND FRIENDS AROUND US.

CHARLES SWAIN.]

[Music by BLEWITT.]

OH, there's a power to make each hour
 As sweet as heaven designed it;
 Nor need we roam to bring it home,
 Though few there be that find it!
 We seek too high for things close by,
 And lose what nature found us;
 For life hath here no charm so dear
 As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy the present joy
 For future hopes—and praise them;
 Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
 If we'd but stoop to raise them!
 For things afar still sweetest are
 When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
 But soon we're taught that earth had nought
 Like home and friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need,
 When hope's last reed is shaken,
 To show us still, that come what will,
 We are not quite forsaken:—
 Though all were night: if but the light
 Of friendship's altar crown'd us,
 'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
 Our home and friends around us!

MUSIC FOR MACBETH.

THOMAS MIDDLETON and }
W. SHAKESPEARE. }

[Music by MATTHEW LOCKE.]

1st Witch. SPEAK, sister, speak! is the deed done?

2nd Witch. Long ago, long ago; above twelve glasses
since have run.

Ill deeds are seldom slow or single,
 But following crimes on horrors wait:
 The worst of creatures fastest propagat'

M 3

1st Witch. Many more, many more murders must
this one ensue ;
Dread horrors still abound
In every place around,
As if in death were found propagation, too.
He must—he will—he shall
Spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

Chorus. He must, he will, &c.

1st Witch. Now let's dance.

2nd & 3rd Witch. Agreed ! Agreed !

Chorus. Agreed !
We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

2nd Witch. When cattle die, about, about we go ;
When lightning and dread thunder
Rend stubborn rocks asunder,
And fill the world with wonder,
What should we do ?

Chorus. Rejoice ! rejoice ! we should rejoice !

1st Witch. Let's have a dance upon the heath,—
We gain more life by Duncan's death :
Sometimes like brindled cats we show,
Having no music but our mew,
To which we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,
To some old saw or Bardish rhyme,
Where still the mill clock doth keep time.
Where still the mill clock, &c.

2nd Witch. Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we :
Thither the chirping crickets come,
And beetles sing in drowsy hum.
Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furze,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs :
Or if none of these we meet,
We dance to the echoes of our feet.

- Chorus.* We dance, &c.
At the raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble, we rejoice ;
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
To the echo of some hollow hill.
- 1st Witch.* Hecate ! Hecate ! Hecate, come away !
- Hecate.* Hark ! hark ! I'm called,
My little airy spirit, see, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.
- 1st Witch.* Hecate ! Hecate !
- Hecate.* Thy chirping voice I hear, so pleasing to
mine ear,
At which I haste away, with all the speed
I may.
Where's Puckle ?
- 3rd Witch.* Here !
- Hecate.* Where's Stradling ?
- 2nd Witch.* Here !
- Hecate.* And Hopper, too ? and Hellway, too ?
- 1st Witch.* We want but you ! we want but you !
- Chorus.* Come away ! come away ! make up the
account !
- Hecate.* With new-fallen dew from churchyard yew,
I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount.
Now I'm furnish'd, now I'm furnish'd for
my flight.
Now I go ; now, now I fly,—
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
Oh ! what a dainty pleasure is this,
To sail in the air,
When the moon shines fair,
To sing, to dance, to toy, and kiss !
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over hills and misty fountains,
Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits !
- Chorus.* We fly by night, &c.

THE SIGNAL TO ENGAGE.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

THE signal to engage shall be

A whistle and a hollo !

Be one and all but firm like me,

And conquest soon will follow.

You, Gunnel, keep the helm in hand ;

Thus, thus, boys—steady, steady ;

Till right a-head you see the land,

Then, soon as we are ready,

The signal, &c.

Keep, boys, a good look-out—d'ye hear,

'Tis for Old England's honour :

Just as you've brought your lower tier

Broadside to bear upon her,

The signal, &c.

All hands then, boys, the ship to clear,

Load all your guns and mortars ;

Silent as death th' attack prepare,

And when you're all at quarters,

The signal, &c.

THE SABLE KNIGHT.

J. BRUTON.]

[Music by BLEWITT.]

A WARRIOR came from the far off fight,

To his home on a summer's day !

His golden helmet glittering bright,

In the sun's retiring ray !

Why trembles the heart of that warrior bold,

Like the plume on his casque above ?

Does he not bring with him fame and love,

For the Lady Ella—his love ?

Why should his breast with doubts be torn ?

And why is that eye not bright ?

For has not the fair Lady Ella sworn

To wed none but the Sable Knight ?

The warrior's mettlesome steed draws near
 To the home where his Ella dwells !
 But sounds of revelry mar his ear
 For they come from bridal bells !
 O ! better it were had Sir Huon fell
 In fight by the foeman's blade,
 Than perish by one whom he loved so well,
 And who his trust so betray'd !
 Yet peace that frail one ne'er shall know,
 But quail in the dark or light :
 For her plighted vows made long ago,
 To wed none but the Sable Knight !

THE CUCKOO SONG.

GEORGE LINLEY.]

[*Music* by FRANZ ABT.]

TELL me, O bird ! of the merry green wold !
 Cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !
 Shall I grow old ? tell me, shall I grow old ?
 Cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !
 " Ah ! years but two or three :"
 Falsely, sayst thou to me ;
 Falsely, to me.
 Longer on earth I would pleasure to dwell,
 Wait awhile, wait, I shall help thee to tell.
 La, la, la,—cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !

Sing away, bird ! I shall not let thee rest,
 Cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !
 Thy tender note ever makes me feel blest :
 Cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !
 Ah ! if sad thoughts me fill,
 Sweet bird ! thou then art still,
 Thou then art still.
 Longer on earth I would pleasure to dwell,
 Wait awhile, wait, I shall help thee to tell.
 La, la, la, cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !

GOOD MORNING:

From the German, by
J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music by* FRANZ ABT.]

WAKING as from balmy sleep,
Flow'ret fair and blue,
Ope thy loving eyes that weep,
Fresh with morning dew.
Sleep as calm, as bright as thine,
Gentle flow'ret, has been mine,
Good morning, good morning, good morning.
Gentle flow'ret, has been mine,
Good morning, good morning.

Bird that from your secret nest
Carols blithe and gay,
Singing anthems pure and sweet,
Praises of the May.
Still each joyous note prolong,
I will join your matin song,
Good morning, good morning, good morning,
I will join your matin song,
Good morning, good morning.

Golden sun whose radiant light,
Banner-like unfurl'd,
Shineth out in splendour bright,
O'er the waken'd world :
Let me 'neath thy cheering rays
Offer up my songs of praise ;
Good morning, good morning, good morning.
Offer up my songs of praise.
Good morning, good morning.

THE LIQUID GEM.

J. STREAKS.]

[*Music by* W. T. WRIGHTON.]

LITTLE drop of beaming dew,
Fairy globe of azure hue,
Glist'ning in the morning's ray,
Fading at the dawn of day.

Dweller of the flowery sphere,
On each plant dost thou appear ;
Star-like in the mossy rose,
Bright on every bud that blows.
Little drop, &c.

Trembling orb of changing sheen,
Offspring of the humid e'en ;
Smiling o'er the dying flower,
Sparkling in the fragrant bower.
Priceless gem from nature's shrine,
Nature's ever wealthy mine !
Never gem was half so bright,
Or pure as thy sweet liquid light.
Little drop, &c.

TOL DE ROL; OR, WELL IT'S NO WORSE.

[CHARLES DIDDIN.]

I WENT to sea all so fearlessly,
Broach'd my grog all so carelessly ;
By-and-by, in a brush, I lost my arm,
Tol de rol, de rol de ri !
So says I,—
" 'Twas well 'twas no worse harm,—
Man's but man, and there's an end ;
And since 'tis so,
E'en let it go ;
I ne'er shall lift it 'gainst a friend."

Next a squall a tempest led off,
Enough to blow the devil's head off ;
I got spilt, and that way lost my leg :
Tol de rol, de rol de ri !
So says I,—
" I must now be forc'd to beg : -

Well, man's but man,—that's all I say ;
So in this plight,
If I can't fight,
For certain I can't run away."

So, as if Old Nick was in it,
Something happen'd ev'ry minute ;
Till at last poor I! they dous'd my glims ;
Tol de rol, de rol de ri !
So says I,—
"Why, I've lost my eyes and limbs :
Well, the sails of life by time are furl'd.
'Twas fate's decree,
That I mayn't see
The treach'ry of this wicked world."

Things grew worser still, and worser ;
Fortune, I had cause to curse her ;
Coming home, I found I'd lost my wife :
Tol de rol, de rol de ri !
So says I,—
"I'd rather lost my life ;
But we're all mortal—she was old :
Then why take on ?
If so be she's gone.
I ne'er again shall hear her scold."

Now laid up in Greenwich quarter,
Chatham chest my right by charter,
Being old, I've lost all but my tongue ;
Tol de rol, de rol de ri !
So says I,—
" 'Twas not so when I was young ;
But then," says I again, "you dunce !
Be fear afar
From ev'ry tar,—
Damme ! a man can die but once."

DEAR NANCY, ADIEU.

UNFURLED were the sails, bearing William afar
From the shore where his Nancy had lingered in
view ;

While the tears for the fate of her generous tar
From her bosom escaped, as she cried, "Love, adieu !"
Endeared to the spot by sweet sympathy's tie,

Where last her fond William had vowed to be true,
O'er the ocean's expanse she would range with her eye,
As the waves gently, murmured,—“ Dear Nancy,
adieu !”

Three years have elapsed and the beach Nancy sought,
As a vessel appeared with her streamers displayed ;
“ 'Tis my love,” she exclaimed, but sad tidings were
brought,

Which struck with despair the affectionate maid !—
For who can describe her keen pangs when she found
That her tar, to his country and king ever true,
Had fallen, alas ! but by victory crowned,

While the crew, wrapped in grief, sighed, “ Brave
William, adieu !”

The portrait from Nancy which hung from his neck,
To his messmate he gave with a heartrending sigh,
Then, raising himself on the blood streaming deck,

While softness ineffable beam'd from his eye,
A wish he expressed that his true love might have
The pledge he received of affection so true ;
In death he embraced it, then sunk to his grave,
And his last falt'ring accents breathed, “ Nancy,
adieu !”

CRIPPLED JACK.

WITH shatter'd limbs Jack came from sea,
'Cause how he stood the tether ;
With heart as firm as oaken tree,
That stands the wind and weather :

What though his timbers they are gone,
And he's a slave to tippie,
No better sailor e'er was born,
Than Jack the honour'd cripple.

A grape-shot lopt his starboard wing,
That chill'd not his endeavour ;
But while he fought for England's king,
His daylights clos'd for ever.
Though lame and blind, and but one arm,
To raise the magic tippie,
He's gain'd in war the noble palm,
For Jack's an honour'd cripple.

With rudder gone, and rigging torn,
A wreck in port he's towing ;
Yet while he bled at ev'ry pore,
His dauntless heart was glowing.
One joy on earth alone he craves,
Which is the magic tippie :
And when at last pale death he braves,
He'll die an honour'd cripple.

HOW PLEASANT A SAILOR'S LIFE PASSES.

How pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the wat'ry main !
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honour and honesty true ;
And would not commit a bad action,
For power or profit in view.

CHORUS.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toy ?
A light heart and thin pair of breeches
Goes through the world, my brave boy.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Where plenty too often breeds strife.
When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright ;
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.
Then why should, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers
Who rules at the helm of the state,
Than we who're to politics strangers,
Thus escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature,
In different nations we try :
No mortal than us can be greater
Who merrily live till we die.
Then why should, &c.

THOUGH FATE, MY GIRL, MAY BID US PART.

[THOMAS MOORE.]

THOUGH fate, my girl, may bid us part,
Our souls it cannot, shall not sever ;
The heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed ?
Is all our dream of rapture over ?
And does not Julia's bosom bleed
To leave so dear, so fond a lover ?

Does she too mourn ?—Perhaps she may,
Perhaps she weeps our blisses fleeting.
But why is Julia's eye so gay,
If Julia's heart, like mine, is beating ?

I oft have lov'd the brilliant glow
Of rapture in her blue eye streaming—
But can the bosom bleed with woe
While joy is in the glances beaming ?

No, no ! yet, love, I will not chide,
Although your heart were fond of roving,
Nor that, nor all the world beside,
Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You'll soon be distant from his eye,
And with you all that's worth possessing ;
Oh ! then it will be sweet to die,
When life has lost its only blessing.

JACK'S GRATITUDE.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

I've sail'd round the world without fear or dismay ;
I've seen the wind foul, and I've seen the wind fair ;
I've been wounded, and shipwreck'd, and trick'd of
my pay ;
But a brave British sailor should never despair.

When in a French prison I chanc'd for to lie,
With no light from the heavens, and scarce any air,
In a dungeon instead of in battle to die,
Was dismal I own, but I did not despair.

But, Lord ! this is nothing—my poor upper works
Got shatter'd, and I was oblig'd to repair ;
I've been shot by the French, and a slave 'mongst the
Turks ;
But a brave British sailor should never despair.

But for all these misfortunes, I'd yet cut a dash,
Laid snug up my timbers, and never known care,
If the agent had not run away with the cash,
And so many brave fellows plung'd into despair.

So coming long-side of our bold royal tar,
 I told him the rights on't,—for why should I care?
 Of my wrongs and my hardships, and wounds in the
 wars,
 And if how he would right me I should not despair.

Says his Highness, says he, "Such ill treatment as
 thine
 Is a shame, and henceforward thy fortune's my care:"
 So now blessings on him sing out me and mine ;
 And thus British seamen should never despair.

So straightway he got it made into a law,
 That each tar of his rhino should have his full share ;
 And so agents, d'ye see, may coil up their slack jaw,
 For the Duke is our friend, and we need not despair.

Then push round the grog : though we face the whole
 world,
 Let our royal tar's pennant but fly in the air,
 And the sails of our navy again be unfurl'd,
 We'll strike wond'ring nations with awe and despair.

THE SWEET LITTLE ANGEL.

WHEN Jack parted from me to plough the salt deep,
 Alas ! I mayn't see him again,
 In spite of all talking I could not but weep,
 To help it I'm sure was in vain ;
 Then he broke from my arms, and bid me farewell,
 Saying, Poll, come, my soul, it wont do :
 So, d'ye hear, avast whining, and sobbing, my girl,
 'Tis all foolish nonsense in you.
 I could not help thinking that Jack was in right,
 From a something that whisper'd, d'ye see,
 There's a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,
 Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

While he's at a distance each thought is employ'd,
And nought can delight me on shore ;
I fancy at times that the ship is destroy'd,
And Jack I shall never see more.
But then 'tis but fancy ; that angel above,
Who can do such wonders of things,
I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,
And so to myself I thus sings :—
What matters repining, my heart shall be light,
For a something that whispers, d'ye see,
There's a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,
Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

But should that sweet angel, wherever he be,
Forget to look out for poor Jack ;
Why then he may never return unto me,
O, never ! no, never ! come back ;
But oh ! it can't be, he's too good and too kind,
To make the salt water his grave ;
And why should I then each tale-teller mind,
Or dread ev'ry turbulent wave ?
Besides, I will never kind Providence slight ;
For something still whispers, d'ye see,
There's a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,
Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

MOORINGS.

[CHARLES DIEDIN.]

"I've heard," cried out one, "that you tars tack and tack,

And at sea what strange hardships befall you ;
But I don't know what's moorings."—"What ! Don't you ?" said Jack ;

"Man your ear-tackle then, and I'll tell you :—
Suppose you'd a daughter quite beautiful grown,
And, in spite of her pray'rs and implorings,
Some scoundrel abus'd her, and you knock'd him down,
Why, d'ye see, he'd be safe at his moorings.

"In life's voyage should you trust a false friend with the helm,

The top-lifts of his heart all a-kimbo,
A tempest of treach'ry your bark will o'erwhelm,
And your moorings will soon be in limbo :
But if his heart's timbers rear up against pelf,
And he's just in his reck'nings and scorings,
He'll for you keep a look-out the same as himself,
And you'll find in his friendship safe moorings.

"If wedlock's your port, and your mate true and kind,
In all weathers will stick to her duty,
A calm of contentment shall beam in your mind,
Safe moor'd in the haven of beauty :
But if some frisky skiff, crank at every joint,
That listens to vows and adorings,
Shape your course how you will, still you'll make
Cuckold's Point,
To lay up like a beacon at moorings.

"A glutton's safe moor'd, head and stern, by the gout ;
A drunkard's safe moor'd under the table ;
In straws, drowning men will hope's anchor find out ;
While a hair's a philosopher's cable :
Thus mankind are a ship, life a boisterous main,
Of fate's billows where all hear the roarings,
Where for one calm of pleasure we've ten storms of pain,
Till death brings us all to our moorings."

FOR HER SAILOR BRAVES THE DEEP.

[REYNOLDS.]

SAYS Ella to her love, "Remember,
Tho' doom'd to part, you constant view
That moon which rises in such splendour—
I, too, will look and think of you ;
Anxious Ella shall not sleep
Whilst her sailor braves the deep."

But most tempestuous is the weather,
And lovely Ella's wish is cross'd ;
Vain her watching nights together—
Successive moons in clouds are lost,
Stormy winds the forests sweep
Whilst her sailor braves the deep.

Swift to the shore she flies complaining,
The tempest to her pray'r is deaf ;
When, lo ! that orb she's so arraigning,
Shines forth and shows her lover safe.
Now no more shall Ella weep
For her sailor braves the deep.

ON BOARD OUR TRIM VESSEL.

WHEN on board our trim vessel we joyously sail'd,
And the glass circl'd round with full glee,
King and country to give my old shipmate ne'er fail'd,
And the toast was soon toss'd off by me.
Billows might dash,
Lightning might flash,
'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

If a too powerful foe in our track did but pass,
We resolv'd both to live and die free,
Quick we number'd our guns, and for each took a glass,
Then a broadside we gave her with three.
Cannons might roar,
Echo'd from shore,
'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

But a cannon ball one day in a fight,
From the deck knock'd him into the sea,
So he died as he lived for his country and right,
And may this be the end too of me.
Cannons let roar,
Echo'd from shore,
For the grave of a sailor's the sea.

BOXING THE COMPASS.

[PEARCE.]

BLUE PETER at the mast-head flew,
And to the girls we bade adieu,
Weigh'd anchor, and made sail :
The boatswain blew his whistle shrill
The reefs shook out began to fill,
We caught a fav'ring gale,
And with a can of flip,
To cheer the honest tar,
Thus gaily may he trip,
Lara lar, lara lar.

We cruis'd along the coast of France,
But not a mounseer gave us chance ;
We tried on every tack,
We drank, and laugh'd, and sung together,
We kept the sea, nor cared for weather,
'Twas all the same to Jack.
And with a can, &c.

Sometimes while squalls have o'er us swept,
High at the mast-head watch I've kept ;
We did, my lads, the best ;
Still on the look-out for the rumpus,
At every corner of the compass,
The north, south, east, and west,
And with a can, &c.

BEN BACKSTAY.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

BEN BACKSTAY loved the gentle Anna :
Constant as purity was she ;—
Her honey words, like succ'ring manna,
Cheer'd him each voyage he made to sea.

N

One fatal morning saw them parting :
 While each the other's sorrow dried,
 They by the tear that then was starting,
 Vow'd to be constant till they died.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
 While howling winds the sky deform,
 Ben sighs, and well performs his duty,
 And braves for love the frightful storm :
 Alas ! in vain—the vessel batter'd,
 On a rock splitting, open'd wide,
 While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd,
 Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and died.

The semblance of each charming feature,
 That Ben had worn around his neck,
 Where art stood substitute for nature,
 A tar, his friend, sav'd from the wreck.
 In fervent hope while Anna burning,
 Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride,
 The portrait came—joy turned to mourning—
 She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died.

WE TARS HAVE A MAXIM!

[CHARLES DIBBIN.]

We tars have a maxim, your honours, d'ye see,
 To live in the same way we fight ;
 We never give in, and, when running lee,
 We pipe hands the vessel to light.
 It may do for the lubber to snivel and that,
 If by chance on a shoal he be cast ;
 But a tar among breakers, or thrown on a flat,
 Pull away, tug, and tug to the last,
 With a yeo, yeo, yeo, tol de rol, &c.

This life as we're told is a bit of a cruise,
 In which storms and calms take their turn ;
 If it's storm, why we bustle, if calm, then we booze,
 All taut from the stern to the stern.

Our captain, who in our own lingo would speak,
Would say "To the cable stick fast ;
And whether the anchor be cast or apeak,
Pull away, tug, and tug to the last !"
With a yeo, &c.

THE WATERY GRAVE.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,
That tears from a stone might provoke ;
'Tis concerning a tar, you must know,
As honest as e'er biscuit broke :
His name was Ben Block, of all men
The most true, the most kind, the most brave :
But harsh treated by fortune, for Ben
In his prime found a watery grave.

His place no one ever knew more ;
His heart was all kindness and love ;
Though on duty an eagle he'd soar,
His nature had most of the dove.
He lov'd a fair maiden named Kate ;
His father, to int'rest a slave,
Sent him far from his love, where hard fate
Plung'd him deep in a watery grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues !
A false friend his mild nature abus'd,
And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
To poison Ben's pleasure, accus'd :
That she never had truly been kind ;
That false were the tokens she gave ;
That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find
In the ocean a watery grave.

Too sure from this cankerous elf
The venom accomplish'd its end :
Ben, all truth and honour himself,
Suspected no fraud in his friend.

On the yard while suspended in air,
A loose to his sorrows he gave ;
"Take thy wish," he cried, "false, cruel fair,"
And plung'd in a watery grave.

WHILE UP THE SHROUDS.

[CHARLES DIDDIN.]

WHILE up the shrouds the sailor goes,
Or ventures on the yard,
The landsman, who no better knows,
Believes his lot is hard.
But Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Casts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell,
The vessel rudely bear,
Now sinking in a hollow dell,
Now quiv'ring in the air—
Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,
You ne'er hear him repine ;
Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,
Or burning near the line—
Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word.
To quarters all repair,
While splinter'd masts go by the board,
And shot sing through the air—
Bold Jack, &c.

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